THE THEATRE

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35 Cents
$3.50 a Year

JULY, 1915
VOL. XXII NO. 173

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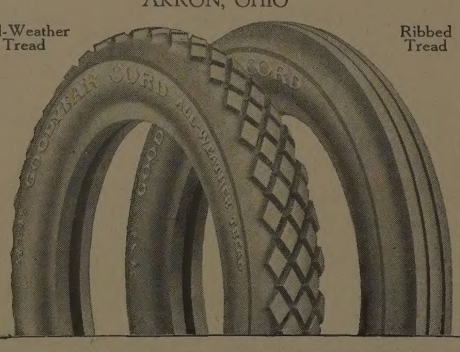

In the June Issue of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

appeared several articles of special interest to you.

Among them were:

Vicissitudes of a Playwright—Charles Klein.
Charles Frohman—The Man and the Manager.
Writing a Moving Picture Scenario.
Discouragements of the Actor's Career.
A Female David Warfield.

THE AUGUST ISSUE

will contain many features of unusual importance. Among them are:

LITTLE THEATRES

Each season the fad is growing to build tiny playhouses. An interesting article discussing what promises to be their function in the theatrical world.

THE PLAY DOCTOR

Amateur dramatists often have their manuscripts returned on the ground that the technique is faulty, although the idea is good. In this case they call in the play doctor to operate on their defective scripts.

VICISSITUDES OF A PLAYWRIGHT

Porter Emerson Browne, author of "A Fool There Was," etc., tells of his early struggles for recognition on Broadway.

PARIS REAWAKENING

A vivid and interesting account of how the French capital amuses herself in war time.

THE NEW THEATRICAL POSTER

The competition of the motion picture houses have forced the theatrical manager to still further efforts to attract the public to his theatres, and the result are the bright modern attractive posters seen along Broadway this season.

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New Columbia Records

For practically the first time in the industry, a large, sweeping reduction has been made in some of the best sung and most popular double-disc records on the market. Morgan Kingston, the famous Staffordshire Collier worker, whose remarkable rise to the Premier Tenor of the Century Opera Company recently makes one of the most interesting stories of singers, has recorded ten double-disc records for the Columbia Graphophone Company. These records cover operatic selections and popular English ballads. Up to this time, $1.50 has been the price of Kingston's double-disc 12-inch records, and $1 the price of the 10-inch double-disc. A reduction in price covering the entire series has been made of $1 for the 12-inch records and 65 cents for the 10-inch.

There was a day when summer spelled the end of music outside of band concerts and hotel orchestras. To-day the Grafonola has changed all this. People leave for their country homes and yachts, but they take with them their desire for music. Also they take the means of music with them. There are low-priced summer machines. There are monthly lists of dance, band and popular music. The latest Columbia list contains such popular "hits" as *"When It's Moonlight in Mayo," "She Lives Down in Our Alley," "Alabama Jubilee," "I Want to Be There."* Four splendid double-disc dances, including Fox Trots, One-Steps and Hesitation Waltzes, will fill all requirements for porch dances. The latest Columbia list was especially prepared for summer wants.—*Advt.*

White Frank Moulan Fred Santley Frank Dishon

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Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

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THE COVER:—Portrait in Colors of Miss Roszika Dolly

The colored portraits that appear on the covers of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE each month are those of artists who have distinguished themselves on the stage. To be put on the cover of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE is regarded in the profession as a reward of merit. Players look on it as a theatrical hall of fame. Money cannot buy the privilege and this applies to the inside contents of the magazine as well. It is one accorded only to talent. If only from this standpoint, therefore, our covers are of particular value to the public. If our readers knew that the artist had paid for the cover, as for so much advertising space, the picture would have no value in their eyes. But, knowing that the distinction is awarded only to real merit, the portraits are eagerly sought and collected as souvenirs. Roszika Dolly, one of the famous Dolly sisters, was born in Budapest. From her mother, who was a well-known actress and dancer, she inherited her love for dancing. Owing to financial reverses the family migrated to New York, and the Dolly sisters secured a vaudeville engagement to appear in the National Theatre, Havana, where they were extraordinarily successful. After an extensive tour on the Keith circuit, Miss Dolly was seen in "The Midnight Sons." Since then she has scored in "The Echo," "Ziegfeld Follies of 1911," "The Winsome Widow," "The Merry Countess," "Miss Caprice," and recently in "Hello Broadway." Next season she will appear with Raymond Hitchcock in a new play by George M. Cohan.

CONTRIBUTORS—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration articles on dramatic or musical subjects, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions found to be unavailable. All manuscripts submitted should be accompained when possible by photographs. Artists are invited to submit their photographs for reproduction in THE THEATRE. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, and if in character, with that of the character represented. Contributors should always keep a duplicate copy of articles submitted. The utmost care is taken with manuscripts keep a duplicate copy of articles submitted. The utmost care is taken with manuscriptsand photographs, but we decline all responsibility in case of loss.

SUBSCRIPTION: Yearly Subscription, in advance, $3.50 Foreign countries, add $1.00 for mail Canada, add 85c. Single copies 35 cents

Published Monthly by

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY. Telephone 6486 Greeley 8-10-12-14 West 38th Street, New York City

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ENTERED AT POST OFFICE, NEW YORK, AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER

The Theatre Magazine—Book Department

WE ANNOUNCE the opening of our book department and will be pleased to supply to our readers any work relating to the stage, drama and music.

The following List of Books Should Be in the Library of Every Lover of Music and Drama and will be forwarded on receipt of order and amount.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW
HIS LIFE AND WORKS

By ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, M.A., Ph.D.

Cloth, Large, 8vo. $5.00.

Dr. Henderson has done his work with the Boswellian thoroughness and assiduity. He has tracked Mr. Shaw down through the files of remote and forgotten newspapers; he has ransacked libraries; he has unearthed and pumped Mr. Shaw's friends and critics in all countries; he has zealously studied the social movements in which his hero was involved, and got the atmosphere of the London intellectual cliques as if he had lived his life among them instead of being a professor in an American university.

The American Stage of To-Day

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JOHN PARKER, Editor

With an introduction by SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE

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This book is primarily intended to be a biographical dictionary of the more prominent persons connected with the contemporary stage, not only of those engaged in the actual profession of acting, but also of managers, dramatists, musical composers, critics, etc.

The theatre of to-day is cosmopolitan, and the interchange of plays and players has become frequent, so that many hundred notabilities of the theatre not only in America and Great Britain, but also in the British Colonies, France, Germany, Holland and the other European countries are included.

The Theatre of Today

By HIRAM KELLY MODERWELL

With 35 Illustrations and Numerous Line Cuts in the Text

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This book takes the modern theatre from different angles, showing how all the arts, painting, architecture, music, dancing, have been brought to the service of the drama in an unprecedented degree in the last ten years. The description of these forces is as simple as possible, and the illustrations, of unusual interest, have a direct relation to the text. From the matter of technique the book goes on to the work of the principal European and American dramatists of the period.

Who's Who in Music

A Biographical Record of Contemporary Musicians

H. SAXE WYNDHAM and GEOFFREY L'EPINE, Editors

8vo. 300 pages. Net, $2.00

An enormous section of the American public is largely interested in music and musicians. There is, however, probably no profession so lacking in cohesion or organization as that of music, and this is due in no small degree to the entire absence of definite, accessible information about its members great and small, illustrious and obscure. The compliers of "Who's Who in Music" set out with the idea of correcting this. They confine themselves to living personalities.

The work contains about one thousand biographies of the leading British, American, Continental and British Colonial musicians, including concert and opera singers, concert agents, critics, managers, with detailed accounts of their careers, and these will be revised and added to in future editions. There are many other features of interest and value in the book.

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By WILLIAM ARCHER $2.00 net; by mail, $2.15

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It is hoped that all students of the drama and more especially those who desire to take part in the marked revival of dramatic literature on both sides of the Atlantic will find profit in a handbook the lack of which has hitherto been felt and regretted.

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Justly famous as a comedian of unique gifts, Mr. Weedon Grossmith is nevertheless an extremely versatile personality, whose interests are by no means confined to the theatre. These qualities have enabled him to write a most entertaining book. He gives an interesting account of his early ambitions and exploits as an artist, which career he abandoned for that of an actor. The book is well supplied with illustrations, some of them reproductions of the author's own work.

MAKING-UP

By JAMES YOUNG

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Here is a book that many ambitious players and amateurs will welcome. Many months of painstaking research and considerable expense were lavished upon its compilation and preparation, and the result which lies before the reader, will doubtless meet every requirement of those interested. This work shows the different phases of make-up and every section is thoroughly covered. They are as follows: Section I, Making up—a History. Section II, Requirements. Section III, Methods of make-up. Section IV, Features. Section V, Types and nationalities. Section VI, Interesting talks on make-up by prominent actors.

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Introduction by Prof. T. F. Crane of Cornell University

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THE THEATRE

VOL. XXII. JULY, 1915 No. 173

Published by The Theatre Magazine Co., Henry Stern, Pres., Louis Meyer, Treas., Paul Meyer, Sec'y; 8-10-12-14 West Thirty-eighth Street, New York City.

Sarony

WILDA BENNETT

Who has been appearing in the title rôle of "The Only Girl"

Photo White William Roselle Eileen Van Biene

Leslie Tarlton (Mr. Nicander) listens to the staircase courtship while perusing a copy of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE.

SCENE IN "SHE'S IN AGAIN" AT THE GAIETY

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

39TH STREET. "THREE OF HEARTS." Play in in four acts by Martha Morton, based upon the story of "Hearts and Masks" by Harold MacGrath. Produced on June 3rd with the following cast:

Snippy ..... G. M. Takahash	Col. Maythorne ..... Robert Rogers
Judson ..... Cecil Magnus	Smith ..... Arthur L. Cogliser
Haggerty ..... Frank J. Woods	Andrews ..... George H. Shelton
Harry Hamilton, "the Baron," George Nash	Gerald Schuyler ..... Ralph Collier
	Levy ..... William Caryl
Williams ..... William Devereux	Hedges ..... Maurice Schonfield
Mrs. Hamilton-Brown .... Ethel Winthrop	Head Waiter ..... Arthur Jordan
Mrs. Comstock ..... Blanche Yurka	Waiter ..... Arthur Row
Dick Comstock ..... Schuyler Ladd	Woman Detect.ve ..... Anita Randall
Grace Maythorne ..... Julia Hay	Miss Wadleigh ..... Shirley Carter

"The Three of Hearts," at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, is a play by Martha Morton from a novel entitled "Hearts and Masks," by Harold MacGrath and promotes a very good actor, entitled to the distinction to stardom. It is excellent entertainment, more reasonable in its unreasonableness than "Raffles," the original of the comedy crook plays, and a better and certainly more agreeable play in every way. Judging by the standards of ordinary or even extraordinary human conduct, we would have to admit that no such series of happenings ever took place; but the characters are so engaging and personally so natural at the moment of carrying out the requirements of the impossible story that audiences will be satisfied to accept the momentary values.

A millionaire from New York has chanced to set near a girl in a theatre in Paris and been irresistibly drawn to her. She is an artist studying abroad, a Virginian. She has sociological views, with a tender pity for men who have gone wrong, and would reform them. This state of her mind is not very clearly established, but, for the purpose of the play, the millionaire sets out to win her on this clue to her nature.

To describe how the many active complications are brought about would reveal the artificiality of the story. But it works. The engaging young millionaire employs an ex-convict, who turns out to be an honest fellow after the theory of the present warden of Sing Sing, as secretary. He is directed to steal a necklace from the person of the girl, in order to save a young man who had stolen it and made a gift of it. This youth is the son of a former sweetheart of the millionaire, and is reformed in the end by being shown the evil of his way. He had taken to social pillage because he could not otherwise support his mother properly, his explanation being that he could get no employment because of the prevalent theory among business men that crooks should be employed on the chance of their reformation. A satire on Mr. Thomas Mott Osborn? We can hardly so take it. The play is too artificial for that, and certainly is more intended to amuse than to propagate a theory. For the purposes of the play the boy had to be a crook, Osborn, or no Osborn. The millionaire, first posing as a Baron, then as a thief and then as a detective, is kept as busy as the most industrious and eager actor could desire. The girl from Virginia has to love him because Martha Morton, Harold MacGrath and George Nash so will it. The play is a comic melodrama, crude in no way except in the improbable nature of its plot, which is yet artistic while artificial.

George Nash, in his various pretended characters, carries it off so easily and naturally that it is something of an achievement with which he is to be credited. The girl, as played by Julia Hay, was just the wistful sentimentalist, possessed of a temporary folly, that was called for. A good part was that of the Japanese valet, played by G. M. Takahash—a real

Edwin Nicander

unlacquered Jap—who gained praise from the audience and, as the valet, was paid two thousand dollars for shouldering the guilt of the society thief and spending two weeks in jail, thus bringing the play to an end at the proper moment. Haggerty, the regular detective, was in the hands of Frank J. Woods, who sustained the present popularity—on the stage—of the kind of official person supposed to be as hard as nails. William Devereux played well the part of the ex-convict, employed as secretary, who turns out to be as honest as the rest of us. Schuyler Ladd, as the youth who stole to support his mother respectably, had an ungrateful part to which he did distinguished credit. The play being built on theatrical lines all the characters had their bits to do. Criticise it as you may, "The Three of Hearts" will probably enjoy considerable prosperity.

A Snapshot Guide to the Theatres

ASTOR. "THE ALIEN." George Behan in a combination of moving picture and play taken from "The Sign of the Rose."

BOOTH. "THE BUBBLE." New character study by Edward Locke, in which that mirthful and artistic performer, Louis Mann, appears as a delicatessen shopkeeper.

CANDLER. "ON TRIAL." Old-fashioned melodrama presented in a novel and effective way. One of the genuine successes of the present season.

CASINO. "A MODERN EVE." Old-fashioned musical comedy from the German, with William Norris and Ernest Glendinning in the cast.

COHAN. "IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE." Highly amusing farce growing out of the idea that publicity spells success.

CORT. "UNDER COVER." Polite melodrama of the New York Customs, with a novel twist at the end.

GAIETY. "SHE'S IN AGAIN." Farcical comedy by Thomas J. Gray, presented by Ned Wayburn.

GLOBE. "CHIN-CHIN." Musical fantasy with the inimitable Montgomery and Stone and a bevy of pretty girls.

HARRIS. "TWIN BEDS." Vastly amusing farce, built on the complications of life in a New York apartment house.

LONGACRE. "A FULL HOUSE." A clever farce, well acted, that should prove good summer entertainment.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "NOBODY HOME." Musical comedy of the usual Broadway type.

PLAYHOUSE. "SINNERS." Old-fashioned melodrama of the kind that used to delight our grandfathers.

THIRTY-NINTH STREET. "THREE OF HEARTS." George Nash starred in a play by Martha Morton, based on Harold MacGrath's novel, "Hearts and Masks." A comedy crook play which furnishes excellent entertainment.

WINTER GARDEN. "THE PASSING SHOW OF 1915." New production burlesquing this season's successes. Music, dancing, and a host of pretty girls. Not quite up to the usual Winter Garden standard.

GAIETY. "SHE'S IN AGAIN." Farcial comedy in three acts by Thomas J. Gray. Produced on May 17th with this cast:

Anthony, Sydney Greenstreet; Mrs. Matilda Martingale, Helen Lowell; Aubrey Brighton, William Roselle; Miss Ann Rayner, Ada Lewis; Leslie Tarlton, Edwin Nicander; Suzanne Touraine, Mae Hopkins; Mr. Tarlton, George A. Schiller; Mrs. Tarlton, Julia Ralph; Joan Montague, Eileen Van Biene; Bryant, Lillian Galer; Simpson, Clifford Robertson.

This new farcial comedy by Thomas J. Gray, now on view at the Gaiety Theatre, is unquestionably in the nature of a summer production, as may be surmised from the incident which closes the action: the pretty maid of the house goes in to the bathroom, and when the door is opened for a single second, she is in the tub with her bare shoulders visible over the rim. If that were all we would not predict any great measure of success for Mr. Gray's comedy. The fun of it, however, is reasonably animated and continuous. The story of it is not worth repeating. The complications and misunderstandings arise from certain love affairs and the temporary need of passing off one woman for the intended bride in the place of another, in order to deceive an aunt from Kalamazoo. The saving qualities in the farce are individual. Ada Lewis could make the minutes fly in any play in which she appeared. Miss Lewis is brought to the bachelor's rooms, masked, from a ball, and is revealed as extremely unprepossessing when she removes her mask. The farcical incidents come from the efforts to get rid of her before the arrival of the aunt and others. The aunt is Helen Lowell, whose name is sufficient to suggest that the individual qualities of the performers, with the capable cast, carried the play to a certain success. While the farce has been adapted from an English adaptation of a French play, the characters have been Americanized and the dialogue is as if taken from the very heart of the riotous Tenderloin. For the purposes of casual entertainment "She's In Again" will serve.

ASTOR. "THE ALIEN." Several years ago George Beban, in a sketch of less than half an hour in performance, startled vaudeville audiences and gained their applause by doing something very unusual and very natural in every way, artificiality being absent in play and actor. The sketch was entitled "The Sign of the Rose." A poor Italian applies at a florist's shop to buy a rose. A child had been stolen from a rich family, and the kidnappers, in a scrawl from the "Black Hand," had appointed this place for the transfer of the money demanded as ransom, the signal of identity to be a rose. The detective is there, masquerading as the new manager. He questions the Italian, believing him to be the agent, and finally offers him the bills, ten thousand dollars stipulated for in the letter of warning. In point of fact the Italian had come to buy a rose to place on the breast of his dead child run over by an automobile, which, it presently appears, was that of the father of the kidnapped child. The Italian's recital of his history and of his love for his dead child was pathetic in the extreme. He resists arrest, and is only saved from it and its possibly serious consequences by the recovery and unexpected return of the kidnapped child at the critical moment. Beban played the sketch in vaudeville for many months and then produced it expanded into a play, which failed. The present production follows a new development of the play in pictures up to the last act, when the sketch, slightly modified from its original form, is given as a spoken play. The return to the speech was most grateful, the advantages of speech being apparent with the first syllable. However, the picture part of the play had its compensations. With the facilities of the camera, we have the rooms of the Italian in the attic; we see the little daughter, the little mother, alone in the home of these two, preparing the meal, and then welcoming her father. Christmas is at hand, and we have a number of episodes relating to the season, which are very good indeed and of a variety that the spoken form of play would not and could not compass. The child is seen at play in the street with other children, and then we have the really remarkable scene of the automobile dashing on, skidding and crushing her. The story has been amplified in that a young spendthrift overpersuades a friend, cashier at the flower shop to make use of some of the money from the safe to provide the riotous entertainment at a supper. The young man promises to return the money the next day after the reading of his father's will, from which he expects a fortune. He is disinherited, and there is need to replace the money. He suddenly conceives the plan of stealing his brother's child and making it appear the act of Italian blackhanders. His brother is rich, having inherited the entire fortune of the father. The picture part of the play, after the sprawling manner of its kind, is good enough—it tells the story.

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On June 4th and 5th last, at the Century Theatre, the members of the Lambs' Club held their annual Gambol. The entertainment, for the benefit of the Actors' Fund of America, was a huge success, and the capacious Century was packed to the doors. The above picture shows many well-known authors, prominent members of this famous theatrical club, who helped make the Gambol notable. Standing—(left to right): Mark Swan, Edgar Smith, Porter Emerson Browne, Edward Ellis, Joseph Herbert, Avery Hopwood, Edward Peple Edward Paulton, Augustus Thomas, Montague Glass. Seated—(left to right): Brandon Tynan, Edwin Milton Royle, Glen MacDonough George V. Hobart, E. E. Kidder, Rupert Hughes.

48TH STREET THEATRE. One of the most interesting programs which De Wolf Hopper presented during his recent series of revivals at the 48th Street Theatre was a double bill consisting of "The Sorcerer" and "Trial by Jury." It was the first-named opera that inaugurated the firm of Gilbert and Sullivan and brought about that succession of comic operas that have since brought joy and delight to actual millions. "The Sorcerer" is somewhat naïve as to book, but nevertheless shows refined and trenchant wit, nice characterization and that inimitable combination of words that goes to make up fluent, amusing and

(*Cont. on page* 39)

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THE FUNERAL OF CHARLES FROHMAN ON MAY 25TH LAST. CARRYING OUT THE BODY AFTER THE SERVICES IN TEMPLE EMANU-EL, NEW YORK

The pallbearers, lined up on the street while the coffin is carried to the hearse, are: (Left row, from left to right)—Henry Arthur Jones, Paul Potter, Edward Sheldon, Francis Wilson, Henry Miller, William Gillette, William Collier, David Belasco, A. L. Erlanger, John D. Williams, Harry J. Powers, Alf Hayman. (Right row, from left to right)—Augustus Thomas, George Ade, Richard Harding Davis, Porter Emerson Browne, William Faversham, Otis Skinner, E. H. Sothern, John Barrymore, Samuel F. Nixon, Marc Klaw, Charles J. Rich, William Harris, C. B. Dillingham.

THE funeral of Charles Frohman, who perished on the *Lusitania*, was held in New York, on May 25th last—a remarkable tribute to the memory of the late theatre manager. A vast crowd of men and women, prominent in all walks of life, besieged Temple Emanu-El, at Fifth Avenue and Forty-third Street, where the services took place, and paid last homage to one who had won the regard and respect of all. The players' profession, naturally, was the class most numerously represented. Never in the history of the city had such a large assemblage of theatrical celebrities been gathered together under one roof.

The services were extremely simple. Mr. Frohman had always expressed his aversion for spectacular exhibitions of sorrow, and out of respect to his wishes those present controlled their feelings as best they could. It had been requested that flowers be omitted, but some beautiful floral pieces were sent by prominent players, among others, Ethel Barrymore, Billie Burke, Marie Doro, Julia Sanderson, Ann Murdock, and Doris Keane. In behalf of the English actors in America, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson sent a great wreath of laurel, while Lady Gertrude, for the American actors in England, sent a heart of roses.

The organist played Handel's "Largo" as the coffin, covered with orchids sent by Maude Adams, was carried down the aisle, followed by the pallbearers chosen from Mr. Frohman's associates. These were: Authors—Augustus Thomas, Edward Sheldon, George Ade, Henry Arthur Jones, Paul M. Potter, John W. Alexander, Richard Harding Davis, and Porter Emerson Browne. Actors—William Gillette, E. H. Sothern, Otis Skinner, Henry Miller, William Faversham, William Collier, Francis Wilson, and John Barrymore. Managers—A. L. Erlanger, David Belasco, C. B. Dillingham, William Harris, Alf Hayman, Marc Klaw, Charles J. Rich, John D. Williams, Samuel F. Nixon, and Harry J. Powers.

The services began with singing by the Cantor, after which the Rev. Dr. Joseph Silverman delivered his eulogy, taking as his text Mr. Frohman's last words: "Why fear death?"

Augustus Thomas followed with an address. He said in part: "Working in the theatre with his companies and stars, with the women and the men who knew and loved him, he accomplished less by word than by a radiating vital force that brought them into his intensity of feeling. The history of dramatic enterprise holds no other name so potent, and his monument is the fact that for a generation he used his great power cleanly, wholesomely, optimistically, inspiringly. In a field dependent upon notice, he never bartered self-respect for notoriety. His life, so rich in earnest effort and accomplishment, we know was overflowing in circling compensations, and he laid it down as he had worn it, an honor to his calling, his country, and his race. In the spotlight, in a climatic moment of the greatest world drama that human passion and war and death have ever staged, fate chose him to represent, unconsciously, a nation, and to extemporize his part. His calm impromptu was a line that will be always written among the noble farewells of the great."

Among the mourners present were: Blanche Bates, Lillah McCarthy, Olive May, Mathilde Cottrelly, Julie Opp, Ann Murdock, Hazel Dawn, Irene Fenwick, Julia Marlowe, Marie Doro, Isabel Irving, Adelaide Prince, Louise Drew, Minnie Dupree, Alice John, May Robson, Grace Elliston, May Irwin, Phyllis Neilson-Terry, Helen Ware, Hattie Williams, George M. Cohan, Sam Bernard, Richard Carle, Percival Knight, Louis Mann, William Morris, Frederic de Belleville, Leslie Faber, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Joseph Herbert, Adolf Philipp, James T. Powers, Cyril Scott, C. Aubrey Smith, Edwin Stevens, Robert Warwick, Joseph Weber, Thomas Wise, Andreas Dippel, David Warfield and others.

Photo Bangs

EDWARD LOCKE, AUTHOR OF "THE CASE OF BECKY," "THE BUBBLE," ETC.
(Inset) Scene in his most successful play "The Climax"

Vicissitudes of a Playwright—No. 3: Edward Locke

EDWARD LOCKE had two plays on Broadway this spring, "The Bubble" and "The Revolt." Less than ten years ago he lived with his wife and little daughter in a flat on Ninth Avenue, near Forty-seventh Street, for which he paid nine dollars a month. Then he listened to the rattle and roar of nearby elevated trains, and dreaded rent day; now his home is in a pleasant apartment facing Park Avenue. He may look from his study window and conjure up memories of an impecunious past when he kept in fine physical trim by saving carfares. Quite frequently he met the same problem in self-indulgence. To walk several miles, to ride, or to exchange a lone nickel for a bag of tobacco, that was the question. Usually he walked, and now he still saves carfares; but with this difference—there is an automobile waiting at the door. The automobile, however, has not altered his conviction that one of the necessary equipments for a playwright is a stout pair of shoes.

Yes, speaking of contrasts, Edward Locke has a good deal to say. He knows now what it means to be recognized, and he remembers what it meant to be a supplicant for recognition—poverty, worry, snubs, disappointment. The vicissitudes of this playwright were terribly real.

Meeting Mr. Locke in his Park Avenue home, one finds a large, genial man, genuine in his manner, with no pose whatsoever, and palpably an unspoiled optimist. It is natural to imagine him clinging to homely things because he likes them and there is never a suspicion of talking for effect, nor of giving vent to an overbearing egotism, so frequently the unlovely twin of creative genius. He is modest enough to admit that he has always had difficulty in looking like an author and big enough to enjoy the comforts of success without losing the common touch. The outlook from his study window has changed, but not his regard for the passer-by on the street. A very human, likable man is the Edward Locke of to-day, ready to laugh over the serio-comic incidents that lent zest to the years between 1905 and 1909, but not to despise them, and nowhere in his personality is there a suggestion of bitterness toward those who for so long a time declined to consider him as a playwright.

Mr. Locke's career, as he recounts it now, recalls a copybook maxim extolling perseverance, singleness of purpose and spirit. "I never read about Heinz and his fifty-seven varieties of pickles," he said, "without thinking of my forty-seven attempts to get a hearing for my first melodrama, 'Fighting Fate.' I had been trying to write plays ever since I was old enough to connect words into a sentence, but 'Fighting Fate' probably was the first saleable manuscript, barring a few vaudeville sketches, and I needed the money."

In 1905, the year referred to, Mr. Locke had been guilty of two seemingly foolhardy acts. He had married and at the same time deliberately cut off his only assured income. And the wonder of it was that his wife believed he was right. As an actor he had been earning from seventy-five to one hundred dollars a week. As an author his income was zero. None the less, he returned from the theatre one Saturday night and announced that he was an actor no longer, that he was a playwright determined to live in New York and fight it out on just those lines until other people agreed with him.

"That may savor of heroics," said Mr. Locke, "but really it was a necessary move. As a boy I came from England with my father and lived in Medford, Mass. Artistic ambitions were tolerated in the family circle, and I studied acting under Charles W. Bickford and singing under W. W. Whitney, although a good bit of my time was spent with a glass company in East Cambridge. Breaking away from business and finding recognition as an actor marked one important step and helped me, as I knew it would, in grasping the mechanical requirements of a play. But presently I found it must be either one thing or the other; either I must act for the rest of my days, or I must write, and I had decided to write.

"The notion that an actor is on the inside of the ring and therefore has an advantage in getting a play produced, is poorly founded. To the average manager an actor is always an actor and never can be anything else, least of all an author worth consideration. It is no easy matter to overcome that attitude even when a man may point to several successful vaudeville sketches

and is personally acquainted with managers. I found this out early in my New York experience when each week diminished my savings and the manuscript of 'Fighting Fate' remained safely in my possession.

"I have always insisted on reading my plays to managers with the understanding that if I have not won the listener's interest by the end of the second act, the reading will cease. For seven months, Max Meyers, a producer of melodramas, who died recently, made and broke appointments to listen to 'Fighting Fate' until by actual count I had visited his office forty-seven times. The forty-seventh time he heard my manuscript through, and gave me a moment of satisfaction by saying that he liked it. I had won my point after seven months of disappointment; but I wouldn't have sold him my play had he been the only producer in New York. I couldn't afford to be high and mighty at the time either, but fortunately it did no harm, for soon another manager took 'Fighting Fate' at $100 an act, with no royalties, the price I continued to receive for the next three or four years."

Sarony

LAURA HOPE CREWS

Seen with Leo Ditrichstein in "The Phantom Rival" and now featured in the Lasky-Belasco film play, "The Fighting Hope"

The severity of those years for Mr. Locke and his wife, an admirable woman to bolster up a man's courage, he says now, taxed even his optimism and always there was the temptation to return to acting and a weekly income instead of a check now and then that must be spread over many months. In one of the leanest of lean winters, not long before the birth of their daughter, Mr. Locke wrote a vaudeville sketch for Annie Ward Tiffany, and confident that it was a good sketch, destined to be popular, the author and his wife trudged through the snow from Forty-seventh Street to the Grand Opera House on Twenty-third Street to see the opening. Mr. Locke still considers it a passable sketch, although its effect on the stage has yet to be tested, for the actress, well along in years, had lost all save the feeble remnants of a voice, and in so far as the audience was concerned her part was little better than pantomime. Naturally, the act fell dismally and Mr. and Mrs. Locke had small reason for rejoicing as they walked home. Mrs. Locke remembers distinctly that they walked to save carfare.

Also she recalls another stormy day several years later when her husband owned but one pair of shoes. A long time had elapsed since the receipt of the last check, and in response to the invitation of an old actor friend, Mr. Locke was playing a week in stock at Proctor's Fifty-eighth Street Theatre. During the Saturday matinée a miniature blizzard developed. At the end of the walk from the theatre to Forty-seventh Street, the actor-author's shoes were thoroughly soaked, and Mrs. Locke dried them in the oven while her husband was eating dinner, that they might be in condition for wear in the evening.

"But the oddest happening of that day came later on," Mr. Locke continued. "It was still snowing and bitterly cold after the night performance and I was just about to face the gale crossing the Plaza Circle when I spied a carriage in front of me. The impulse to steal a ride as far as the sheltering buildings on the opposite side was too strong. There was not a great deal of room on the rear springs for a man of my build, but I hung on until we had crossed the Plaza. The driver stopped and turned while I was still incriminatingly close to the carriage. 'Sure and why didn't ye get inside if ye wanted a ride?' he enquired in a thick, friendly, Irish brogue. I wished I had a cigar to hand him."

The first indication of a definite change in fortune came when Mr. Locke wrote the scenario for "The Climax," and read it to Walter N. Lawrence, who assured him that if he wrote a play on a par with the scenario he would have a winner.

"Because I acted in 'The Music Master,'" Mr. Locke went on, "many people were quick to trace the inspiration of my theme, but as a matter of fact there was not the remotest connection between the two plays. I did not appear in the last acts of 'The Music Master' and doubt if I saw the piece played through more than once. I had studied music, had been a singer, and it was not surprising that a musical theme suggested a story. It took me about six weeks to work the scenario into a play that was produced soon, though not with any great confidence, by Joe Weber. Upstate New York was selected for a tryout, and there was a marked lack of enthusiasm that discouraged the management. My little play of four characters looked fearfully slight, and then I was a new author not to be trusted. Byron Ogley and Winchell Smith visited us at Binghamton as the emissaries of Mr. Weber, and having sat through the performance they said: 'Not a chance,' or more polite words meaning the same thing. None the less we made a cautious, tentative advance on Broadway.

"It was the spring of 1909 and 'The Girl From Rector's' was doing very well at Weber's Theatre. Just to make certain that 'The Climax' was hopeless as its advance reputation, the management gave matinée performances, so, for about two weeks, the play was staged at Weber's each afternoon without interfering with the run of 'The Girl From Rector's.' Weber really did not have to wait that long to learn that a number of people had made a mistake and that 'The Climax' was a hit. He never had reason to regret the move into Daly's."

Living in unaccustomed ease on regular royalties, Mr. Locke began "The Case of Becky," which occupied more time in the writing than any other of his plays. He read it to Sir Herbert Tree, who was favorably impressed, but expressed regret that the spectacular possibilities needed

(*Continued on page* 38)

Their Favorite Portraits

Strauss Peyton
HELEN WARE

As Madeleine in the revival of "A Celebrated Case," at the Empire Theatre, Helen Ware has added to her laurels.

Madge Kennedy has been playing Blanche Hawkins in the clever farce, "Twin Beds."

Ira L. Hill's Studio
MADGE KENNEDY

Ira L. Hills Studio
PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY

The English actress, Phyllis Neilson-Terry, has won many admirers in this country by her acting and singing as Trilby

As Jean Renaud, the soldier convict in "A Celebrated Case," Otis Skinner was seen at his best

White
OTIS SKINNER

Greek Drama in Beautiful Settings

Underwood & Underwood

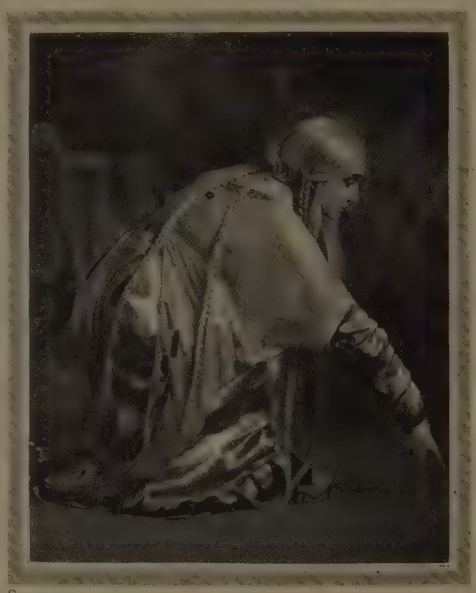
Edith Wynne Matthison as Andromache and Richard Ross as the child in "The Trojan Women"

ANYONE who can make the American public buy more than twenty-five thousand copies of the Euripidean drama in less than thirty days deserves the Hellenic bays or at least a Greek Cross of the first order of merit. Granville Barker perhaps has received neither of these, but nevertheless has come to him a very substantial reward. By his productions of "The Trojan Women" and "Iphigenia in Tauris" he has emphasized the reputation he made earlier in the season as a producer of rare dramatic intelligence, daring innovation and high intellectual purpose. Furthermore it may safely be set down that he has made money.

It was his presentation of "The Trojan Women," with which the beautiful new stadium at the College of the City of New York, the generous gift of Adolph Lewisohn, was dedicated, on May 29th, in the presence of an audience as distinguished in quality as it was comprehensive in size. The reception was an enthusiastic one, an appreciation previously and subsequently extended to the performances at the other centres of intellectual activity where they were given.

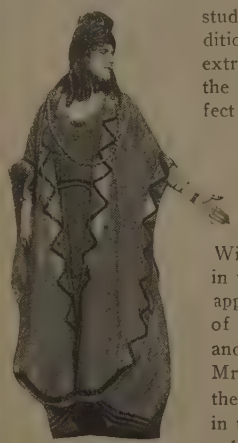
Gilbert Murray's version was used, a marvel of its kind, instinct with the true spirit of the Euripidean ideal, and expressed in vigorous, poetical language. This play produced in Athens, 415 B. C., is as graphic to-day, in its delineation of the after horrors of war, as if it were a study of modern conditions abroad. One extract alone sounds the note of its perfect application:

> How are ye blind,
> Ye treaders down of cities, ye that cast
> Temples to desolation, and lay waste
> Tombs, the untrodden sanctuaries where lie
> The Ancient dead; yourselves so soon to die.



Sarony

LILLAH McCARTHY AS HECUBA



Gladys Hanson as Helen of Troy

It is a very beautiful setting which Norman Wilkinson has devised for the drama. Brilliant in tone, decorative in design and archaeologically appropriate, the costumes make for a succession of scenes, always interesting, constantly appealing and plastically beautiful. The action, too, which Mr. Barker has worked out materially adds to the effectiveness of the production, than which in the dramatic uplift of the public nothing more valuable has been presented in years.

In plentitude of voice, fine diction and elocution, the Barker company is singularly well equipped, but for a perfect understanding of either of the plays it is well to follow with the text. The human organ has its limitations. The exacting rôle of Hecuba, the epitome of lachrymal woe, is impersonated by Lillah McCarthy with an emotional fervor quite modern in its intensity of expression. Her reading of its many long speeches is marked with fine variety and musical intonation. Sweetly feminine was Chrystal Herne as Cassandra. This interesting young actress invested the prophetic-wise daughter of Agamemnon with a rare charm. Edith Wynne Matthison was dignified and pathetically moving as Andromache, while the lure and charm of Helen were insinuatingly depicted by Gladys Hanson. Impressive elocution marked Ian Maclaren's rendering of the herald Talthybius, while Philip Merivale was picturesquely stunning as Menelaus. Lionel Braham and Mary Forbes read the lines allotted to Poseidon and Pallas Athene, while Alma Kruger led the chorus with authority and precision.

Behind the walls of Troy in "The Trojan Women," there was no more confusion than one would find in the ordinary theatre. But the clear sun threw its rays relentlessly on everything, showing a maze of rope and canvas, which would have tripped any Greek on his way to Hecuba or Cassandra, and which did actually fell many members of the company in haste to make ready for the opening flare of trumpets at the stroke of four thirty. Like a wagon in the stable, while the horse has gone to graze, yonder lay the chariot in which Andromache was to be drawn forth by slaves sitting idly on property trunks. Forth from her tent comes Andromache, the epitome of tragic calm. Cassandra, like Ophelia in garlands, is seeing that enough oil is placed in her torch to keep it alit against the breeze; while Helen, in warm reds, with gilt shoes of great height, poses for some ambitious photographer. Brought amidst this motley array, a small boy would have been curious, but not satisfied. He would have argued that the lady in red should have a white horse to ride on; that the maiden with the long black curls that clustered on her forehead and dripped to each shoulder, should dance through a hoop with her torch; that there should be two chariots instead of one, to emulate the exciting scene of the chariot race in "Ben Hur"; that there should be more soldiers for a tournament. In other words, the tents led him to expect snake charmers far more potent to him than the charm of Cassandra; gaudy ladies far more alluring than Helen; veiled women more edi-

Philip Merivale as Menelaus

Underwood & Underwood
Lillah McCarthy as Hecuba

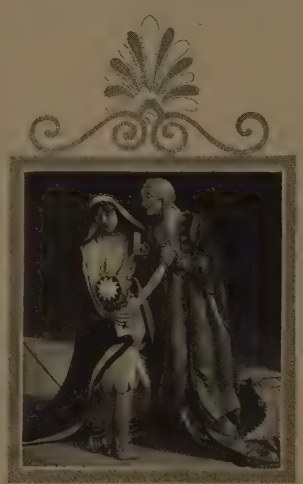
White Edith Wynne Matthison, Gladys Hanson and Chrystal Herne in "The Trojan Women"

Underwood & Underwood
Gladys Hanson and Philip Merivale

fying than Andromache or Hecuba. The small actor, who played so well the pathetic son of Andromache, were he asked, would say that he thoroughly enjoyed the ride in the chariot with his mother; that he was as truly attracted to Talthybius in his warlike garb.

But, despite the strange accessories behind the walls of Troy, it was far from a circus, though there was the same nervousness of the unusual. Cassandra seemed as doubtful as to whether or not she could keep from setting herself on fire by the flame from the torch as the trapeze swinger is regarding the success of his double summersault; the girls of the chorus, swarthed in gray cloak and gray cap, with symbolic staffs representing the flames of Troy, were in nervous groups, wondering how well they would bear in mind the movements of the strophe and antistrophe taught them by Mr. Barker.

From the standpoint of accessories, Mr. Barker had the same problems to solve that confront the managers of the Hippodrome and the Winter Garden; the wardrobe maker, with designs prepared by Mr. Norman Wilkinson, did as any wardrobe maker would. In fact, peeking into the trunks, one would scarcely expect Euripides to come forth with such truly ancient feeling as was carried before the walls of Troy. But the true spirit and excellence of Mr. Barker, as a producer, were as well exemplified behind the scenes as elsewhere. At Yale, the bookmonger sold "the play" in as strident voice as the man at the Polo Grounds disposes of score cards for "to-day's ball game." The peanut man, with bags hot with their contents, called out the name of Euripides as an inducement to buy his wares before the show commenced. As though Euripides had anything to do with peanuts? But despite the circus atmosphere Yale University allowed to surround the Yale Bowl, Mr. Barker rose above it, and gave us a poetic handling of Euripides. At Harvard, one could not hear Hecuba, every time an undergraduate ball player made a two bagger on the diamond adjoining the Stadium. Still, Mr. Barker and his associate players rose above the incongruity of the National Game vs. Greek Drama. Photographers crept over the side walls of the City College Stadium in New York, and waylaid Menelaus for a snapshot; Manhattan's policemen behind the stage slapped Talthybius on the shoulder even as the flames of the burning city were being carried on in round braziers of imitative brass. But despite these humors of time and place, the force of Euripides struck the hearts of the spectators.



Edith Wynne Matthison, Richard Ross and Lillah McCarthy

And what is said of "The Trojan Women" is just as apt for "Iphigenia in Tauris," for the scene was the same, except for the addition of a few gilt doors, and the placing of an altar, around which the chorus swept in ritualistic dance. But if the small boy had seen in this latter play, the gaudy King Thoas, who was supposed to be a savage monarch of the long ago, he would have thought him a very funny clown indeed; and had he seen the Taurian soldiers, he would have wondered why wheat stacks grew from their head, and why their legs emulated the zebra—rather have out and out a zebra. In garniture, Mr. Wilkinson's "Iphigenia" approached nearer the requirements of the Hippodrome than it did of the Greek Drama, and simply because Mr. Wilkinson overestimated what an audience would take as savage. Certainly at close range, King Thoas looked like some kaleidoscopic puzzle picture, beneath which lay buried a roaring actor. Yet even here, nothing could take from the dominant beauty of Euripides or the serious effort of Mr. Barker.

Much of the accessory could have been softened by a performance in the night time, and Mr. Barker would have gained in feeling what he would have lost in accuracy; there would have been mystery rather than sharp materialism to his scene and to his costume. Instead of the black smoke of Troy, there could have been the red glow of a burning city. But he saw otherwise, and the seething caldrons of black smoke

(*Continued on page* 38)

Photos Underwood & Underwood
Greek chorus in "Iphigenia in Tauris" Scene in "The Trojan Women" Scene in "Iphigenia in Tauris"

Photos White

SCENE IN "IRISHRY," PRESENTED BY THE MEMBERS OF THE IRISH THEATRE OF AMERICA

FOR AN IRISH THEATRE IN AMERICA

THE little Bandbox Theatre, which has already afforded such friendly sheltering for the Washington Square Players, has become again the scene for another novel dramatic entertainment, an experiment known as the Irish Theatre of America, directed by John P. Campbell and Whitford Kane.

These Irish-American players really made their first bow to an American audience some months ago, at a theatre in the upper East Side of the City of New York, and though their work attracted little attention from the critics, it interested mightily those curious enough to make the trip to witness it. The piece was called "The Double Courtship," and was written by a young Irish-American dancing master by the name of Seumas O'Connell; the parts being taken by some of the younger men and women recruited from the Gaelic and Irish-American literary and dramatic circles, strengthened by a few professionals. This initial performance was given for "the defense of Ireland," and the funds realized by the Irish Women's Council from it were sent to Ireland to buy more guns for the fighting patriots.

It was the success of this folk entertainment that inspired the present directors of the Irish Theatre with the hope of establishing a permanent Irish Theatre in the City of New York, relying on the Irish people here to co-operate in forwarding a movement which will put them beside the other important nationalities in America as regards a distinctive literature and drama.

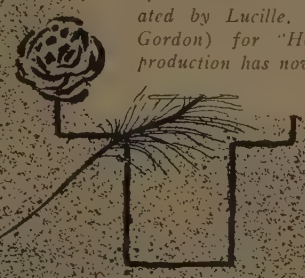
The loyal purpose of the promoters is manifest, the plays being very Irish, adapted to the entertainment, it is true, of everybody, but requiring, for the best enjoyment, audiences whose memories go back to the Green Isle. A prologue, entitled "Irishry," gave song, dance and story as peculiar to Ireland. "Lonesome Like," a comedy in one-act, by Harold Brighouse, was the story of a country bumpkin who, failing to impress the young and beautiful lassy, offered himself to a somewhat old, rheumatic creature about to go to the poor house. The acting capacities of the company are of the very first order. Mr. Whitford Kane, as the country lad, was unctuously amusing, Miss Kate Morgan, as the rheumatic creature, the very character to be depicted; and Miss Eileen Huban, as the young girl, as interesting in her acting as attractive in her charm. In "Red Turf" Mr. John P. Campbell was as impressive as the character of a brutal countryman required. Mr. Whitford Kane again distinguished himself, this time, as a cowardly husband, who, at the instigation of his wife, kills the man who has outraged him. In "Dust of the Road" a man who had secretly deprived a nephew of his inheritance is brought to repentance and retribution by a visit from a stranger. This stranger is supposed to represent Judas Iscariot. The symbolism is very remote. The company presenting the plays is uncommonly capable.

"If an Irish theatre is to flourish in America, no matter in what city it is eventually founded, it must have its roots in Irish life here and we must call upon those who live that life to furnish the bulk of the plays," Padraic Colum, a young Irish playwright, now lecturing in the United States on the Irish Drama, said before leaving for the West. "The Irish people in America at present do not want to see peasant plays," he continued. "Most of the Irish people here have come out of just such households and do not wish to come in touch again with the harshness and the sharpness of peasant life."

According to Mr. Colum, the reason that the Irish people in the United States have established neither a national drama or a national newspaper, is due to the fact that not being aliens in language there has been no pressing need either for a special news bulletin or a special place of entertainment. "This initial convenience leads to something like a loss in the end, however. The various nationalities have each their distinctive theatres as a radiating centre for national culture. The Irish have no distinctive theatre." F. J. O.

Kate Morgan Whitford Kane Eileen Huban

SCENE IN HAROLD BRIGHOUSE'S COMEDY "LONESOME LIKE"



FLORENCE WALTON

Well-known and popular exponent of modern dances. The gowns worn by Miss Walton were specially created by Lucille, Ltd. (Lady Duff Gordon) for "Hands Up," which production has now been abandoned.

Photos copyright Ira L. Hill's Studio

Taken especially for the Theatre Magazine

ANITA STEWART---A DARLING OF FILMLAND

ONE of the most interesting things about the motion picture is the sudden renown it has brought to certain personalities absolutely unknown a short time ago. Young women and young men who have never appeared before the public in their life have, in one way or another, entered filmland, and, by distinguishing themselves in two or three pictures, made their name a household word the world over, and their face as well known in every corner of the globe as it is to their most intimate friends. An expert has estimated that the average film is viewed by eighteen million people before it is finally shelved. This super-vast audience might, at first glance, appear to be the primary reason for the far-spreading fame of the young picture player. But hundreds of film actors and actresses appear before this same audience and remain in obscurity—as in all professions, it is only those with the true marks of genius who stand above the throng—only those whose personality and charm and dramatic ability are so pronounced as to win for them that instant recognition which soon bursts out in a veritable flame of popularity.

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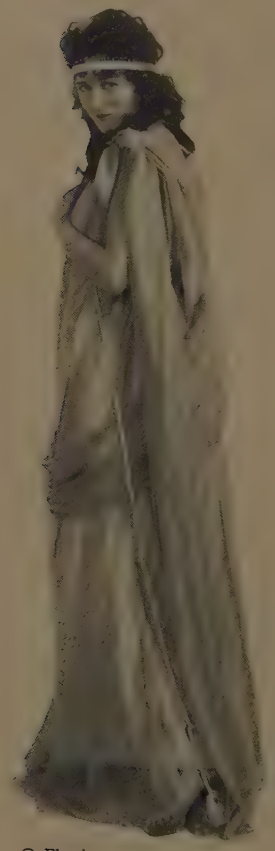
ANITA STEWART

The popular Vitagraph player now appearing on the film in the serial "The Goddess," and who has been successful in "A Million Bid" and "The Juggernaut"



© Floyd

Anita Stewart three years ago was Anna Stewart, a sixteen-year-old schoolgirl, with tumbling brown curls down her back. Unassuming and unknown, her dramatic ventures were limited to hesitating recitations, delivered in the assembly room of Erasmus Hall High School in Brooklyn. Then suddenly she was "discovered" by Ralph Ince, a director of the Vitagraph Company, and, incidentally, her brother-in-law. He saw in her great brown eyes and her natural charm a motion picture possibility. As a result of his keen perception, Miss Stewart, at the age of nineteen, stands to-day among the most famous screen stars of the time. She has appeared in relatively few pictures, notable among them the recent Vitagraph releases, "A Million Bid," "The Juggernaut," and the now popular serial, "The Goddess," in which she plays the part of Celestia, a perfect girl brought up in an earthly paradise and then sent forth to reform the world. Three brief years have done for Miss Stewart what a lifetime of successful work might not accomplish for the legitimate actor.

"When you entered the pictures," I asked her, "didn't you find that a lack of training on the legitimate stage stood very much in your way?"

She laughed a pleasant little laugh at the very impossibility of the question.

"Oh, dear, no. If anything, my want of stage experience was really in my favor. On the stage everything is artificial—the scenery, the light, and the acting. Whereas, the only successful way of acting for the screen is by being entirely natural. One must behave in front of the camera just as one would in real life. If one begins to act in the generally accepted sense of acting, the effect is always ridiculous. Have you ever heard a picture audience laugh during the showing of a very tragic scene? That's because the acting wasn't natural. I think that the one thing most disliked by an American picture audience is affectation of any sort!"

Whether Miss Stewart applies her doctrine to her manner or her manner to her doctrine, it is hard to say. At any rate, she is superlatively natural, and as she sat curled up on a large divan in her dainty apartment where she lives with her mother, near the Vitagraph Studio, she looked a literal picture of herself. It is quite generally known that many popular film beauties are disappointments when they are seen off the screen, but Miss Stewart is her screen shadow come to life. The large, limpid brown eyes shine with just the same earnest appeal, and her every movement and gesture may be identified with those she makes before the camera's eye.

"As a matter of fact," she went on, "it's an open secret that most of the well-known actors from the legitimate stage are failures at picture work. The principal reason for that is that they don't feel at home in it. In a studio, the stage is

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1. *Mae Murray (photo White).* 2. *Anna Pennington (White).* 3. *Lucille Cavanaugh (Strauss Peyton).* 4. *Justine Johnson (White).*

SOME AMERICAN BEAUTIES IN THE "ZIEGFELD FOLLIES" AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM

White Ethel Winthrop Frank J. Wood Julia Hay George Nash

SCENE IN "THREE OF HEARTS," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE THIRTY-NINTH STREET THEATRE

very much smaller than the one they have been accustomed to, while in doing exterior work it is much larger. That in itself may seem slight, but it is really annoying to one who has become used to a setting of precisely the same dimensions for years and years. Then, too, their acting has to be toned down considerably —gestures have to be made more slowly; they have to unlearn, which is harder to do than learn! And as for an audience——"

Miss Stewart stopped suddenly.

"Yes, as for an audience?"

"Well, I almost said that when we play before the camera we have no audience, but that isn't entirely true. Somehow or other I feel continually as though I were playing up to an audience. What I should say is that the legitimate actor feels the need of people out front—that's what he means by his audience —that spirit in the front of the house that makes the difference between a dress rehearsal and a regular performance. They say that dress rehearsals rarely go off as well as the performance on the first night, because there isn't that indefinable something sitting in judgment which spurs them on. When a prominent player comes to a studio, all the inspiration he has is a clicking camera, a few experienced picture players sitting around criticising him in whispers, and lots of hammering by stage carpenters from all parts of the building! There is no fuss made about him at all! They don't like that; it ruffles their vanity, which is a terrible thing to do to an actor!"

"Do you think that the public likes to see the prominent stage people on the screen?"

Miss Stewart thought hard for a moment before committing herself. Then she smiled slowly as she settled the problem.

"It depends on the sort of public that you mean," she answered, neutrally. "Probably the type of public which corresponds to the Broadway audience does like to see them—they know them and like them and enjoy watching them on the screen if merely for the sake of seeing them act in pictures. But I don't believe that the fundamental motion-picture public—the great army of 'movie fan'—see any exceptional value in the stage star on the screen. In the first place, they don't know them except very distantly, and the fact that a person has played on a Broadway stage means very little to a 'fan' if that person can't act well or look well in the pictures. I say look well, because very often the motion picture camera and its deadly close-up scenes are very unkind to stage players who look really handsome under grease paint and spotlight. Of course, there are many stage stars that have entered the picture world and have made a success of it in every way. It is significant that such people are at once used in many pictures, and sometimes abandon the legitimate stage to devote themselves entirely to film posing. That simply means that they are good motion-picture actors, and the same would have held whether they had been Broadway highlights or not!"

"Perhaps after awhile they find more to like in picture work than they do on the stage," I suggested.

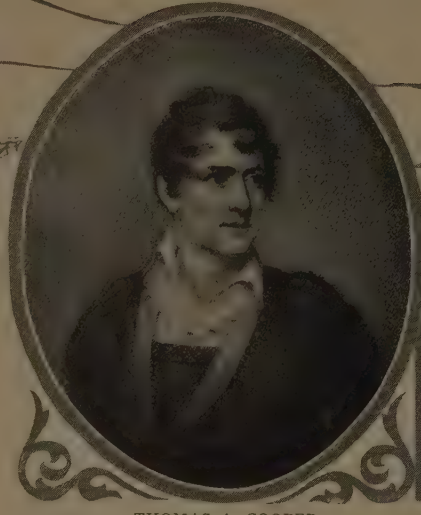
"I can easily imagine that they do—it is wonderful work. Of course, I've never had any stage experience, but from the opportunity I've had to observe the life, I don't see how there can be any doubt as to the advantages of playing for the screen. The photoplayer has a home, the stage player has to travel, and if he has a home, is seldom in it. The one gets a salary fifty-two weeks in the year, the other is lucky if he gets one for twenty. The stage actor is up every night until all hours, whereas we can only work when the sun is up. So, you see!"

The fact that Miss Stewart has a home gives her the opportunity to indulge in many things that she might otherwise have had to eschew. Her one bright and particular love—always, of course, excepting the pictures—is music. From earliest childhood, it was her ambition to become a teacher of music, both of singing and the piano. She studied for several years with the mother of Louise Gunning, and the shrine of her apartment to-day is a magnificent grand piano, at which she makes daily devotions upon her return from the studio. Then, too, she is extremely fond of dancing, and in another corner of her home stands a huge silver cup, an eloquent symbol of her success in this art. Above all, Anita Stewart impresses one as being a girl of accomplishments. Just what she would have been if she were not a queen of the screen is a question of infinite possibility, but certainly whatever she had chosen for her lifework would have been well directed by her enthusiasm and by that unusual personality which fills a room when she enters it.

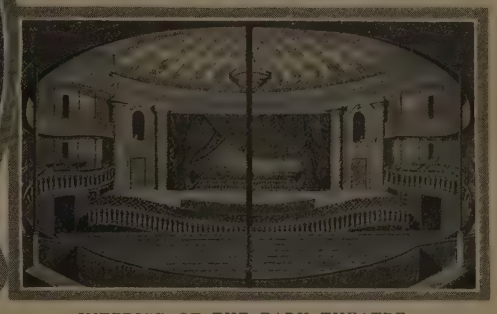
"I'm so glad the summer's coming," she resumed. "I can get back to Brightwaters again and

(*Continued on page* 43)

Theatre-Going in New York a Century Ago



THOMAS A. COOPER
A matinée idol of his day



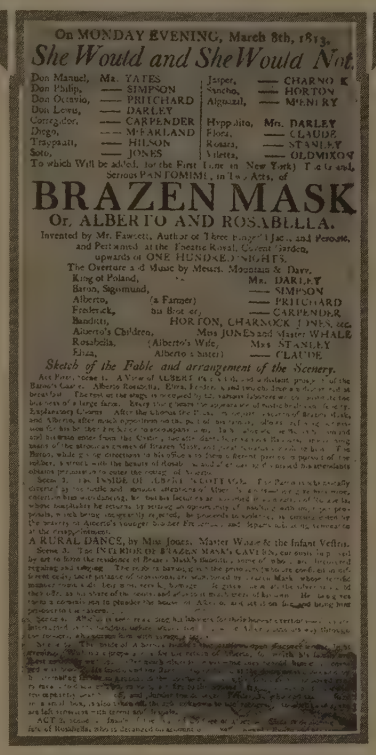
INTERIOR OF THE PARK THEATRE
Manhattan's principal playhouse in 1815

SUGGEST to the average "First Nighter," as he steps from his luxurious limousine into the brilliantly lighted lobby of one of the innumerable modern playhouses scattered along the great White Way, that New York was once a One Night Stand and he would undoubtedly be apprehensive as to your sanity.

The usual question, nowadays, when people make a theatre engagement, is where *Shall* we go? not where *Can* we go? Do we ever stop to realize that our progenitors of one hundred years ago were content with one theatre, one night run plays, one block of "Gay White Way," never dreaming that the then despised calling of the actor would, within a century, develop into one of the most lucrative of the professions, dignified by its sons, graced by its daughters, with practically the entire community its ardent and enthusiastic supporters, and with theatres extending virtually from the Battery to the Bronx.

Looking backward one hundred years to Wednesday evening, January 4, 1815, the amusement column in the principal newspaper of that period, gave, under the heading 'THEATRE," the following information: 'To-night at the Theatre will be presented the comedy of 'The Purse,' or 'The American Tar'—to which will be added the comedy of 'The Inconstant' or 'The Way to Win Him'—to which will be added (for the second time) the Comic Pantomime of 'Harlequin Pluto,' or 'A Friend In Need Is a Friend Indeed.'" Compare this solitary announcement with the bewildering variety of theatrical fare offered to the public at the present day. During the week of January 4, 1915, one finds thirty-nine theatres of the first class crying their wares through the medium of the New York daily papers, with runs of hundreds of nights, and not counting the Opera, the cheaper vaudeville theatres, burlesque houses, and hundreds of moving picture shows. But in the good old days of 1815, when New York's practically only place of amusement was the celebrated Park Theatre, a run of one night was deemed all sufficient.

The Park Theatre at that time was located in Park Row, between Ann and Beekman Streets.



On MONDAY EVENING, March 8th, 1813,

She Would and She Would Not.

Don Manuel,	Mr. YATES	Jasper,	— CHARNOCK
Don Philip,	— SIMPSON	Sancho,	— HORTON
Don Octavio,	— PRITCHARD	Algozil,	— M'HENRY
Don Lewis,	— DARLEY		
Corregidor,	— CARPENDER	Hippolito,	Mr. DARLEY
Diego,	— M'FARLAND	Flora,	— CLAUDE
Trappatti,	— HILSON	Rosara,	— STANLEY
Soto,	— JONES	Violetta,	— OLDMIXON

To which Will be added, for the First Time in New York) The second, Serious PANTOMIME, in Two Acts, of

BRAZEN MASK

Or, ALBERTO AND ROSABELLA.

Invented by Mr. Fawcett, Author of Three Knaves and Jacks, and Perouse, and Performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, upwards of ONE HUNDRED NIGHTS.

The Overture and Music by Messrs. Mountain & Davy.

King of Poland,		Mr. DARLEY
Baron, Sigismund,		— SIMPSON
Alberto,	(a Farmer)	— PRITCHARD
Frederick,	his Brother,	— CARPENDER
Bandetti,		HORTON, CHARNOCK, JONES, &c.
Alberto's Children,		Miss JONES and Master WHALE
Rosabella,	(Alberto's Wife,	Mrs STANLEY
Elisa,	Alberto's Sister)	— CLAUDE

Sketch of the Fable and arrangement of the Scenery.

A CENTURY OLD PLAYBILL

It had a frontage of 80 feet, and a depth of 165 feet. A Frenchman named Mark Isambard Brunel, builder of the London Thames tunnel, designed it. The property was originally a stock concern with a capital of $30,000, divided into eighty shares of $375 each. Thrown open to the public in 1798, the theatre was closed on December 20, 1799, owing to the death of George Washington, December 14th. The building was draped in black and an address delivered by Mr. Cooper. The house was reopened again on December 30th of that year.

The theatre was a three-story stone structure with about six steps leading up from the street to the box entrance and three green baize doors giving access to the auditorium from the outside lobby. The box office was on the right and for some time a statue of Shakespeare adorned a niche. The house was made cheerful during the winter months by two blazing fires at either end of the lobbies. Each box in the first tier had a door, a box keeper being always on hand to open for patrons. The color scheme of the interior was light pink and gold. There were three tiers of boxes, a gallery and a pit. Neither the boxes nor the pit had chairs, but we fitted up comfortably with cushioned seats. The proscenium had stage doors and four or five private boxes. The stage was well equipped with adequate scenery. The prices of admission ranged from 25 cents to $1. A peculiar rule of the house was that no lady could be admitted to the first or second tier of boxes unless accompanied by a gentleman. The receipts for a "full house" amounted to $1,700.

The salaries paid to the actors of those days were absurdly small in comparison with the princely sums demanded by the present day thespian. The total weekly expenses of the Park Theatre amounting to a little

THE RIALTO A HUNDRED YEARS AGO
Showing the old Park Theatre at the right, in the centre of what is now Park Row. The City Hall is seen on the left.

ODETTE MYRTIL

This clever performer, who bears a strong resemblance to Mlle. Polaire, has scored a hit in the triple rôle of violinist, singer and dancer in the "Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic." She made her first appearance on the stage at the age of twelve at the Olympia in Paris. She was a pupil of Ysaye at nine, and intended to adopt violin as a profession, but circumstances forced her to become a vocalist, and she sang in the leading cities of Europe. While in Paris, Mr. Ziegfeld discovered her and engaged her for his productions.

more than a thousand dollars, out of which the orchestra (fourteen performers) received $140, while the members of the company received anywhere from $4 to $50 a week. Thomas A. Cooper, a distinguished "guest" artist and a matinée idol of his day, received $32 for performances of "Hamlet" and other Shakespearean rôles.

Playgoers of a century ago must have demanded a constant tickling of their palates. Out of the one hundred and thirty-six tragedies, comedies and farces—musical and otherwise—presented during the entire year, eight performances were the largest number allotted to any one play, "The Honey Moon" and "The Forty Thieves," the latter described as a "Grand Operatic Romance," were rival claimants for first honors, while Shakespeare distinctly led as a playwright, receiving eighteen representations, "Richard III" being the favorite.

The regular performances were given on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings, with an occasional extra performance on Thursday. During the entire year of 1815 there were no less than one hundred and fifty-seven theatrical performances given. To-day this would not be an unusual run for one fairly successful play. The dramatist in those days had little or no standing. He was regarded as a nonentity, or else only tolerated as a necessary evil. Not once, in all the theatrical heraldings of 1815, does the magic name of Shakespeare appear as a lure of the public shekels, and only on one or two occasions is any especial reference made to the author of the piece presented. For instance, on Wednesday, April 5th, it was announced that "For the first time in New York will be performed the new Melo-dramatic opera in two acts, 'For Freedom Ho,' written by J. Pocock, Esq., author of "Not at Home," Miller and His Men," etc., and now performing with universal applause at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, while J. Kenny, Esq., was duly accorded distinction for having been responsible for "Debtor & Creditor," author of "The World," "Raising the Wind," "Too Many Cooks," etc., and Horatio Smith is credited with "First Impressions."

The Park Theatre in 1815 consisted of a stock organization represented by Messrs. Burke, Bancker, Clark, Carpender, Darley, Hilson, McEnery, Olliff, Pritchard, Spiller and Simpson and Mrs. Darley, Hogg, Spiller, Wheatley and Miss Clark. Mr. Simpson seems to have been "Prime Favorite," as the chief editorial writer of the day condescended to remind his admirers of his benefit in the following complimentary manner:

"I do not often meddle with the subject of the theatre, but I shall stand excused (if excuse be necessary) for calling the attention of the public to a young performer of great promise in his profession and a gentleman of unexceptional deportment in private life, who appeals this evening to their generosity."

Upon the occasion of Mr. Carpender's benefit, Monday, June 19th, besides the play of "Pizarro," it was announced that "Mrs. Claude will sing the favorite song of *'Tally Ho,'* and Mr. Carpender will speak Goldsmith's Epilogue in the character of Harlequin, and conclude by *jumping through a barrel of fire!* to which will be added the drama of Ella Rosenberg."

The first advertisement of the Park Theatre contained the following curious announcements:

"Ladies and gentlemen will please direct their servants to set down with their horses' heads towards the New Brick Meeting, and take up with their horses' heads towards Broadway.

"The doors will be open at five and the curtain drawn at a quarter past six.

"Ladies and gentlemen are requested to be particular in sending servants early to keep boxes."

The principal "guest" artists during the season were Thomas A. Cooper, Mr. Bibby, Mr. Robertson and Mrs. Williams. Each one of these "guests" appeared for a few times during the winter and spring, with subsequent

(*Continued on page* 38)

"An actress is a woman intensified. In her the qualities of the average woman are raised to the hundredth power. Whatever the woman is the actress is. She is a white heat expression of the ordinary woman."

THE INNER LIFE OF THE ACTRESS

"The supreme ambition of every actress is to make a hit on Broadway, yet one actress resigned her part in a Broadway production that a woman whose mother was slowly dying in New York might have it."

Photo Arnold Genthe HEDWIG REICHER
Well-known actress, seen recently in Hauptmann's "Elga," and to appear next season in Ibsen's "Rosmerholm"

AN actress is a woman intensified. In her the qualities of the average woman are raised to the hundredth power. Whatever the woman is the actress is that deepened, heightened, broadened, quickened. She is a white heat expression of the ordinary woman.

Womanhood and sympathy are synonyms. Perhaps the compliment of the synonym is not wholly earned, not entirely deserved. In the memory of everyone who reads this dwells an image of a woman who in a crisis lacked that beautiful quality. But at all events she is more sympathetic than the male of the human species, and this attribute is strongly evident in the woman of the stage. A celebrated comedienne received a note from a new friend—friendships are quickly formed in the life of the stage—read it once, tossed it into her wastebasket and took action instantly upon its contents. The average woman would have pondered long upon that letter and the course it forced upon her.

"You are well known, respected and beloved," the note said in the irregular handwriting of one shaken by emotion. "It would not be fair to you to permit you to be seen in public with me until I have told you that I am the sister of a woman of the half world. Many know that she is my sister. Many know it who might see you and me together. I am telling you this so that you need never see me again unless you choose."

The actress's reply was to call a cab and hasten to her friend's home as quickly as the wheels could convey her. She burst into her room a smiling, weeping whirlwind.

"You dear, foolish girl," she said. "Put on your hat and come right out with me for a drive."

It was the same comedienne who met a woman that, tortured to madness by his infidelities, had slain her lover and had that day been acquitted of the patent crime.

While other women looked at the discharged prisoner with curiosity, and although sympathy hung its gentle banners in their eyes, they hesitated near her but passed without a word. The actress flung her arms about her and looking down upon her from her splendid height cried: "You poor little worm that turned!"

The telephone from a friend that the friend's mother was dying in a city far away, and that the friend was beside herself with grief cut short the star's reading of a play that was to have been her vehicle for the next season. Since the success of her next season depended upon that interview and the manager's approval of the play, it was a mighty tide of sympathy that swept her out of that office to perform the task of comforter.

The supreme ambition of every actress's life is to "make a hit on Broadway," yet I know an actress who resigned her part in a Broadway production that a woman whose mother was slowly dying in New York might have it. Thereby the actress doomed herself to a life-long term in the dim, monotonous land called the Road. She died in one of its ill-defined capitals last year.

While most women are sensitive, actresses are acutely so, and that trait, while making them difficult of family and business office assimilation, is indispensable to their success. It was David Belasco who said of an actress whom he led from obscurity to the dizzy heights of stardom. "When first I saw her I thought of a great tear."

You who have seen a big tear stopping on its course down a child's cheek and, wavering there a moment, gather all the rays of light and fling back colors, as a drop of dew on a grass tip flings back rainbow hues, will grasp the reflective quality of this actress. A sensitiveness that receives impressions and reflects them with mighty force is an indispensable quality of the player. With what force she feels shall she compel feeling in others. Its possession is the secret of her success. It is at once her pain and her reward.

Impulse plays a large part in the life of every woman. If expressed it may torment others. If controlled it torments her. But whether or not it expresses itself on the surface it is the powerful undercurrent in a woman's life.

It is more than that in the life of a woman player. For her it is a typhoon which an ordinary lark cannot withstand.

"But would it be wise?" I asked a successful star who confided to me that she was on the verge of cancelling her contract, a profitable one in both its fame and fortune aspects, because the author was not agreeable. I believe she put it "considerate." What would it profit you? And think what you would lose.

"That's true," she said, as though I announced a discovery. I hadn't thought about it that way. The trouble is I'm not sane and the people about me are not sane. My advisers all say: 'I just wouldn't stand it. I'd quit.'"

"You know we're all crazy," cheerfully announced a comedienne, when I turned questioning eyes upon her at sound of loud, ill-timed, erratic song from the still darkened stage.

Naturally the speakers did not intend that their speeches should have a literal interpretation. They meant that impulse plays so large a part in controlling their actions that the result would seem at least curious to the amazed lay witness of those results. Impulse often leads to dramatic success, but when the succession of impulses obeyed, forges that chain of artistic temperament, it is another and sadder matter. Many an actress in her confessions to her own soul, and to her more or less large circle of intimates, admits that an especially heavy wave of impulse had flung her career upon the rocks. Such impulse as prompts an actress to break a contract with the manager who has given her her opportunities is liable to be a career wrecking one. The New York stage has offered not a few such examples within the briefest memories.

We come to emotion which is often the governing force in a player's life. Exceptions? There is an army of them I grant, but not so large an army as that which is under the command of General Emotion. To change the figure, emotion is the tradewind on the ocean of the histrionic life. There are actors who try every event in their own or other lives at the bar of reason, but they are not the best actors. They adequately portray the subtleties but not the primordial forces of life. Emotion, needful but troublesome, is the motive power of the histrion.

Generous they are conceded to be. Forgetful it is claimed they are, and it may be that this forgetfulness is the parent of that trait which the embittered manager will tell you lurks serpent-like in the fair bosom of the greatest, as of the least, of actresses.

Of generous acts, it will not be disputed, there is no end. Query is made whether the generosity is continuous. But it must be remembered that as the generosity is great the claims upon it are enormous, sometimes, unless a barricade of indignant self-defense be raised, overwhelming. But the spirit that prompts a star, weary with a season's shining, to appear at a benefit for crippled children or indigent bricklayers, is the same as that which led a young man who appeared in the grim playlet "Electrocution," that by decree of the late William Hammerstein lived through but two performances, to take an impecunious confrère in the sketch home to his Harlem flatlet, and because the flatlet contained but one undersized bedroom, bestow the player upon the kitchen floor to sleep.

"Women are of nature unreasonable," quoth he plaintively, the morning having developed an unwonted peevishness in his wife because the beneficiary of her husband's generosity, reposed overlong on the kitchen floor to the delay of the breakfast.

The spirit which caused Maxine Elliott to place one of the least of the minor members of her company in a hospital when he fell ill in her employ, and herself call upon him in his pace of immurement, the patient in his delirium asserting that a goddess had paid him a visit, was one with that which inspired Winchell Smith, while he was pyschologically in the acutely striving stage and professionally a member of "The Girl from Kays" company, to lead a chorus boy home to dinner between the Christmas matinée and evening performances.

"I saw him starting for a beanery," the actor who was to become a successful playwright whispered to his wife by way of excuse for the infringement upon the domestic routine, "and I couldn't stand it on Christmas."

What matters it if forgetfulness follows these generous promptings? The acts are usually impersonal. If the woman forget two years hence the face of the girl to whom she gave a wardrobe for her first chance on Broadway, that is not significant. The act stands alone in splendid independence. The personality is subservient.

"I knew her once but she has forgotten me," is a plaintive postscript of a discussion of some actress of prominence. "She was interested in my play. She said she would see what could be done

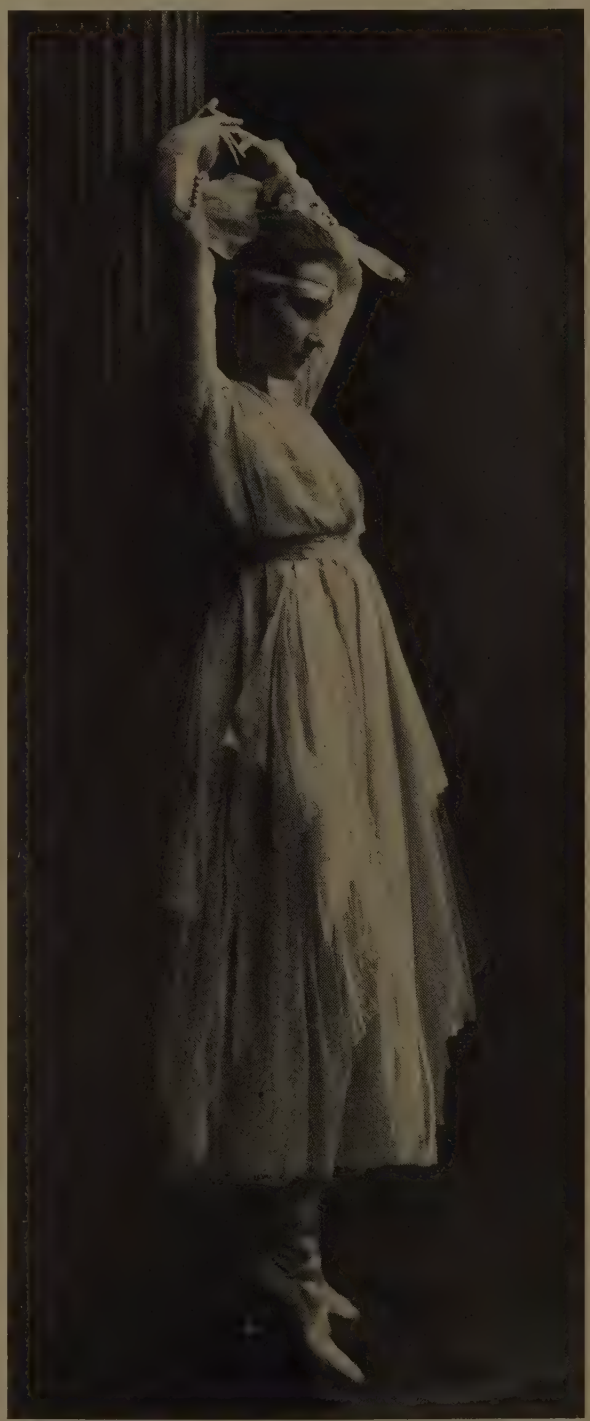


Photo Ira L. Hill's Studio *Taken specially for the Theatre Magazine*

HELEN CLARKE

Appearing in "Nobody Home" at Maxine Elliott's

Photo Ira L. Hill's Studio

GAIL KANE

Who appeared recently in the leading feminine rôle in "The Hyphen"

Taken specially for the Theatre Magazine

about it," is a frequent utterance. Do not apply the yard stick of the average, hedge surrounded, stationary life to the woman of the stage and her negations. Remember that she leads the crowded life. Incident follows breathlessly upon incident in her life. Her world is a state of flux. Hers is usually the stage of transit. Vivid colors of to-day fade and dissolve into heterogeneous to-morrows. The colors of one personality pale in the vision before which marches a constant procession of personalities, ever new. What wonder that the burning event of to-day becomes the ashes of to-morrow? It is the result of the intensified life.

Against the oft repeated charge (*Continued on page* 39)

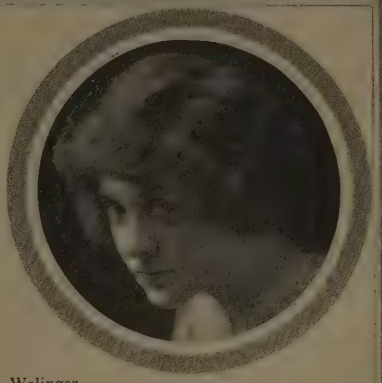
1. Frances Shannon in vaudeville (Photo Dav's & Sanford). 2. Marie Baker in "Potash and Perlmutter" (Copyright Moffett). 3. Grace Georgian in "The Belle of Bond Street" (Copyright Moffett). 4. Emily Russ in "The Whirl of the World" (Copyright Moffett). 5. Peggy Wood in "Hello Broadway" (Photo Mishkin).

FIVE ATTRACTIVE ACTRESSES SEEN IN BROADWAY PRODUCTIONS

Bits that Have Made Actors Big

When opportunity comes to an actor's dressing room door, his knock is usually the lightest of taps; only the player of keen hearing recognizes the summons.

White
GEORGE NASH



Walinger
RUTH CHATTERTON

WHEN Opportunity, disguised as a theatre's call boy, comes to an actor's dressing room door his knock is usually the lightest of taps and only the player of keen hearing and alert expectancy recognizes the summons. Contrary to general belief, the young actress does not "wake to find herself famous." Fame finds her sitting up and waiting for the public to discover her, as she has sat on many another night when the public did not make the longed-for discovery.

The average actor is completely misled by the stillness and the smallness of Opportunity's voice. Indeed, the voice is usually abused as another effort on the part of stage director or producer to minimize the player's native gifts and to restrict his dramatic capabilities. Only the actor of exceptional talent or true genius recognizes the fact that it is the bits which make artists big.

A young woman had her ear to the keyhole when Opportunity made his round of the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, in the spring of 1912. An "all-star" revival of "Robin Hood" had been in rehearsal for weeks. Such notable grand opera celebrities as Bella Alten, Florence Wickham, and Carl Gantvoort had been engaged for the more conspicuous rôles, while Walter Hyde, Edwin Stevens and George Frothingham were names well known to playgoers and were expected to share with the famous Metropolitan song-birds the honors of the opening night. So confident were the producers that the encores for these principals would cause the performance to extend well beyond the customary theatre hour that the stage director was instructed to eliminate from the score the one musical number allotted to the rôle of Annabel, which was to be enacted by an attractive but inconspicuous young singer. The stage director, having more sympathy than is usually accredited to individuals occupying his position, delayed breaking the sad news to the young actress. He decided to wait until the opening night to notify her, thus giving her the joys of anticipation as long as possible.

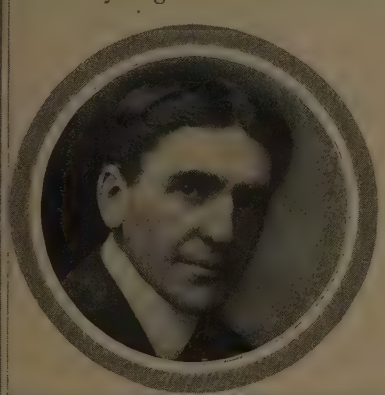
Contrary to general belief, the young actress does not "wake to find herself famous." Fame finds her sitting up and waiting for the public to discover her.

On the opening night Opportunity made sport of the stage director and distracted his attention with scenic details just at the moment when the unknown young singer playing Annabel went before the footlights for her one song. And the audience forthwith became a claque hired by Opportunity. Annabel's solo received just twice as many encores as the songs of any of the grand opera stars. The bit had made Ann Swinburne big. In the fall she was given the leading feminine rôle in "The Count of Luxembourg," and last December her name was blazoned in electrics as the star in "The Madcap Duchess."

When Charles Frohman announced last spring that one of his fall revivals might be "Diplomacy" and that Blanche Bates would be seen as the Countess Zicka, it recalled the fact that Miss Bates owes her first success to an adventuress rôle in "The Great Ruby." Although she made a sensational hit in the bit, Countess Mirtza, she was allowed to play it for one night only. Rumor had it at the time that professional jealousy was responsible for Miss Bates' immediate withdrawal from the company. But the reputation of Blanche Bates was quickly made. Her Countess DeWinter in "The Three Musketeers," and her Cigarette in "Under Two Flags" were followed by notable achievements under the direction of David Belasco—"The Darling of the Gods," "The Girl of the Golden West," "Nobody's Widow," and "The Fighting Hope."

When "Liberty Hall" was produced many years ago the cast fairly scintillated with such distinguished names as Henry Miller, Ida Conquest, Viola Allen, Robert Edeson, William H. Crompton, Jameson Lee Finney, and W. H. Thompson. After the first performance a new name was added to the noteworthy group, for May Robson, as the result of her irresistible characterization of the slavey, was given big character rôles in rapid succession until she was generally recognized as the leading eccentric actress on the American stage.

When Forbes-Robertson consented to produce "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" in London several years ago he anticipated that with good luck the piece might run four weeks while he was busy finding and rehearsing a real play. The cast was somewhat hastily assembled, his wife, Gertrude Elliott, of course, playing the "leading" feminine rôle of the slavey. But on the first night in London and again when the play was brought to this country after a phenomenal run, a hitherto unknown actress shared



WILLIAM NORRIS

White ANN SWINBURNE

honors with the two distinguished stars, for this inconspicuous artiste, Haidee Wright, had made the bit of the Painted Lady stand out as one of the most remarkable character studies of the last decade.

"You remember this man Lewis, don't you?" asks the regular playgoer of his companion. "Lewis? There are so many Lewises that I can't differentiate him from his tribe." "Oh, you surely haven't forgotten him," replies the regular playgoer. "Why, he played the Great Unknown in 'Little Johnny Jones.'" "Oh, of course! Tom Lewis. What has he been doing since then? I don't remember having heard of him in a long, long time." "He's been playing the Great Unknown in some variation ever since. But the original Great Unknown was the bit which made him famous."

William Norris, who last season played the old witch in Belasco's "A Good Little Devil," and is now appearing in "A Modern Eve" at the Casino, is held in high esteem by most patrons of the theatre on account of his brilliant characterizations of two famous hunchbacks of stage history—the evil genius of Marion Crawford's "In the Palace of the King," in which Viola Allen starred, and Beppo in "Francesco di Rimini," with Otis Skinner as the commanding luminary. But Norris would never have been given the opportunity to distinguish himself in these important parts had he not overshadowed his three prominent associates, Wilton Lackaye, Mabel Taliaferro and Richard Carle, in Zangwill's "The Children of the Ghetto." It was Norris' impersonation of Pincus, the ghetto poet, which left the lasting impression.

ELSIE JANIS IN HER LONDON HOME
After a most successful season in the British metropolis, Miss Janis will re-appear on Broadway next fall in a new musical comedy.

The public has forgotten who played the younger sister in the Bertha Kalich production of "The Kreutzer Sonata." It was Mme. Kalich's remarkable work which created the ineffacable impression. On the other hand, few playgoers will recall any definite impressions made by Blanche Walsh in the same rôle, but in a rival version. It is the younger sister's part which stands out vividly in the latter production, for a then obscure young actress vitalized the rôle and made it unforgettable. The young woman was Helen Ware, who shortly thereafter was to distinguish herself still further as the Gypsy in "The Road to Yesterday," with Minnie Dupree, and then achieve stellar honors in "The Third Degree."

George Nash has contributed many worthy portraits to the gallery of stage characters. His work is always distinguished by intelligence and thoroughness, as shown in "The Witching Hour," "The Harvest Moon," "The Gamblers" and even in so ephemeral a farce as "Officer 666." But it was while playing the bit of a gentleman in "Chimmie Fadden" many years ago that he created a phrase which will live in "high life" vernacular until the end of time. It was Nash who made "a hot bird and a cold bottle" famous.

A bit of silk, not a bit of a part, made the fortune of a reigning musical comedy favorite. Pauline Chase would never have had an opportunity to attract the attention of J. M. Barrie and been chosen by him to play the title rôle in "Peter Pan" in England if she had not worn pink pajamas in "Liberty Belles." Miss Chase had talent and beauty as well, but if she hadn't worn pajamas of alliterative tint she probably would never had received the publicity which enabled her to reach stardom.

It was a combination of genius for comedy and of accident which brought fame to the elder Sothern while playing at Laura Keene's Theatre in New York. As the leading juvenile in Miss Keene's playhouse, Sothern, who was then known as Douglas Stewart, was given the bit of Lord Dundreary in "Our American Cousin," a play which, like "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," was produced originally with the idea that it would prove a stop-gap until a real play could be found. Tradition says that on the opening night Sothern stumbled on a rug at his first entrance, and he saved himself from a fall by a peculiar hop which brought a roar of laughter from the audience. In a spirit of "kidding," the young actor hopped again during the act, and was greeted by a second outburst of laughter from the spectators. The success of "Our American Cousin" was assured. It ran from September 19, 1858, to the latter part of March, 1859. There were several prominent players in the company—Laura Keene, Joseph Jefferson, Sara Stevens, Mary Wells, Effie Germon, Mrs. E. A. Sothern, and Charlie Peters—but the only member of the cast who finished the season with added prestige was the young actor who had accepted the bit which became the "cornerstone" rejected by all the other builders of reputation.

When Agnes Ethel, the leading woman at Daly's, refused to play the part of Anne Sylvester in "Man and Wife" because it did not offer sufficient opportunities for the display of her acknowledged talent, the famous producer was forced to entrust the rôle to an unbeautiful young woman who had commended herself to his attention because she was a great student and tremendously in earnest about her work. That young actress was Clara Morris. She found in the rôle of Anne Sylvester the opportunities which Agnes Ethel scorned. Only the historians of the American stage recall to-day the name of Agnes Ethel,

Photos White

Marilynn Miller Eugene and Willie Howard as Trilby and Svengali John Charles Thomas

CHARACTERS IN "THE PASSING SHOW OF 1915" AT THE WINTER GARDEN

who was too big to play a bit; the name of Clara Morris will go down in the annals of our theatre occupying a place commensurate with that accorded Mrs. Siddons on the English stage.

Several years ago, upon the close of high school for the summer vacation, a young school girl in Washington, D. C., "just for a lark," applied to the manager of the Columbia Stock Company for a position as one of the "extra women." It so happened that the manager was in dire need of a young girl to play one of the three heroine rôles in "The Prince Chap," and there was no member of his company sufficiently youthful in appearance to answer his needs. In desperation he accepted the school girl, and she enacted the rôle with such naïve charm and buoyant freshness that immediately she became a stock company "favorite." She became inoculated with stage fever, and that fall found her in New York making the rounds of the managerial offices seeking a regular engagement. Her youth and fresh beauty won her a hearing in the offices of Henry W. Savage, where she was indulgently given a bit in "The Great Name," a bit so small that her inexperience could not make any material difference. But when "The Great Name" was produced in Chicago the astute dramatic critics professed to see in the work of the young actress, who portrayed the minor rôle of Isoldie Brand, promise of a future which might even overshadow the already prominent players of the cast—Henry Kolker, Russ Whytall, Lizzie Hudson Collier, and Louise Woods. "The Great Name" was brought to New York, where it registered an immediate and unequivocal failure, and, as is usual, the acting of the subsidiary rôles was overlooked in the haste to damn the play itself. The Washington school girl did not receive a single line of recognition from the metropolitan critics, but her work did not escape the notice of the alert Henry Miller. He engaged that inexperienced school girl and a few months later the fortune of Ruth Chatterton was made when she created the rôle of Cynthia Sumner in "The Rainbow," a character second in importance to that of the star. Miss Chatterton played in "The Rainbow" for two seasons and to-day she is a star in her own right in one of the biggest of current successes, "Daddy Long-legs." During the half-year run of this play in Chicago the critics of that city have seen their predictions amply fulfilled regarding the child who played the bit in "The Great Name."

"The first stage reporter who didn't carry a notebook." That was the distinctive feature about the newspaper man in Augustus Thomas' play, "The Other Girl," enacted by Francis Byrne. Mr. Byrne had scarcely more than thirty lines in this successful comedy, but his illuminating bits of stage business made the rôle one of the real gems of the entertainment. On the strength of this suavity, his directness and his sincerity in two brief scenes of this play he was selected by Henry B. Harris for the leading male rôle in support of Rose Stahl in "The Chorus Lady," and subsequently he won new honors as the villain with Henry Miller in "The Havoc."

A striking variant from the rule that bits have made actors big is found in the career of Arthur Lewis, who was recognized by our fathers both in England and in this country as a player of ability. Having won high honors as an actor, Mr. Lewis devoted his activities to the managerial field both in France and England, and he enjoys the unique distinction of being the first producer ever to pay royalty on "Hamlet," the payment being made when Mme. Bernhardt appeared under his direction at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, and the royalty going to the French translator. But Mr. Lewis was unknown to the present generation of theatre-goers until Charles Frohman produced Henry Arthur Jones' brilliant satirical drama "The Hypocrites." When the attorney, Vivash, came upon the stage in the third act for a scene of less than five minutes' duration the whole performance received new vitality and realism. This lawyer with his peculiar staccato delivery, his picturesque bits of by-play, his graphic mannerisms, made the spectators study their programs as soon as he had left the stage. "Who is this new actor, and what have managers been thinking about that they have not given him an opportunity in other plays?" was the comment in many quarters. Only the grayheads smiled knowingly at the new generation's "discovery." Arthur Lewis had "come back" and been made big once more, this time by a bit. On the strength of his success he was engaged to play the Bishop of Lancaster in Charles Rann

(Continued on page 43)

Photo Ira L. Hill's Studio

MARY RYAN IN "ON TRIAL," AT THE CANDLER THEATRE

Miss Ryan, one of the most promising of our young actresses, has made a particular hit this season in Elmer L. Reizenstein's stirring play, "On Trial," which has had a tremendous run at the Candler Theatre. This photograph shows her as the girl bride who is deceived and abandoned by the villain in the little hotel on Long Island. Miss Ryan disproves the statement, thoughtlessly accepted, that a child actress never becomes a satisfying grown up one. The daughter of an actor, she had the advantage of dramatic heredity, and of, to use the stage phrase, "growing up in the business." For five years she was a member of the Dearborn Stock Company, in that period playing one hundred and thirty seven parts. She became known to Broadway audiences through her début at Daly's Theatre in Opie Read's play, "The Starbucks." She was successively the leading ingenue in "Brewster's Millions," the leading woman in "The Fortune Hunter," and in "Ticey." In all her rôles she has displayed the firm touch of authority, the appeal of pathos and wistfulness, and a strong character sense. Her versatility is proven by the fact that she could play the servant in "Ticey," the character rôle in "The Starbucks," and the fragile, suffering heroine in "On Trial," within a comparatively short time. In private life Miss Ryan is Mrs. Sam Forrest, wife of the stage director for the Cohan and Harris productions.

FREAK PLAYS

NOVELTY in the theatre—a laudable aim there as in other branches of literature, has added some very amusing anecdotes to its annals. The recollection of them might well bring a blush to the manager's cheek—if a theatrical manager could preserve, in the annoyances and provocations of his profession, the power to blush. Usually a spirit of emulation, and the desire to keep in the van of change, has been responsible for errors of taste and judgment. The professional producer who put on a tragedy which starred the kitchen door was rendered callous to the banality of this proceeding by the enormous success of a French melodrama in which the scene was of more importance than the characters. Freak plays, although they seem to the ridiculing spectator both reasonless and even silly, are always, on investigation, found to be justified by something that has gone before or by a puerile effort to meet an impending change, little understood in the trend of the drama.

For innovators in the theatre, from Shakespeare downwards, have sought to reconcile two ideas which are irreconcilable—Greek and modern tragedy. The great name mentioned early abolished all boundary lines of race and country, and chose as his hero the individual man whoever and wherever he might be. Lesser writers have gone on trying to harmonize Aristotle and Pinero. An outraged society looms in the background of an ancient play; in a modern piece it is an offended God. Heroes of the former struggle against an implacable destiny, sure of defeat at last. The hero of the modern play struggles not against but toward the powers that we call heavenly. Consciously or not the infinite and not the finite is always the background of modern drama. The scene of the last act, expressed or understood, is always the next world. Carried away by the unity and perfection of design of the ancient drama, in admiration of its aesthetic completeness the playwright of to-day occasionally seeks to build on these old lines. The result is apt to be accidentally amusing. One of the plays of the later period of Pinero shows an unmistakable reaction. Intended to be a living expression of a living experience it turned out to be composed of dead and intractable material—so it died in a week. Intended for a tragic experience, the elements he used were so foreign and artificial that the effect was not unlike that sought to be produced by a farce. After all the recipe for writing a play is for a writer to surrender himself to a collective thought, a cumulative desire of his time—instead of endeavoring to make a drama out of conditions that he wilfully draws together, he will do better to let the drama assemble its own conditions and make itself out of him.

Strauss Peyton

LENORE ULRICH

Recently seen in the leading rôle in "The Bird of Paradise"

This is a heavy way of stating that freak plays "happen," especially as the fact is obvious. I demand pardon while continuing to hope that an effort to find the reason for their happening may diminish the number of freakish pieces if it doesn't extinguish them. And so I go on to my "catalogue of ships."

It is frequently puzzling to find a reason why certain plays get on the stage. That actors or even actor-managers are apt to be mistaken as to the value of a play in the theatre because they are too near it once rehearsals have begun, is no surprise, but that cold, hard-headed (and as it is sometimes claimed, hard-hearted) producers can't recognize a freak when it is being rehearsed before them is a cause for wonder. Is it possible for a play to hide its freakishness until the first performance? That is the likeliest solution of a mystery which some years ago exercised the minds of theatrical people. How did "The Seats of the Mighty" succeed in getting past Beerbohm Tree's critical acumen? Much had been written about the merits of this piece, a dramatization of Gilbert Parker's book of the same name, and the English star, not yet knighted (nor was the author either), had declared himself as being happy to appear for the first time before an American audience in a play at once strong and picturesque. Other persons, who had their doubts about anything by Gilbert Parker suiting the stage, said so openly, and there were hints of a cabal against the piece. Mr. Tree, how-

ever, felt confident that it would succeed with an audience.

The first night came—a crowded fashionable audience agog with expectancy—the author of the book far forward in a box so that he was easily seen by everybody—the actor sending him before the curtain rose a line, "We are assured of a triumph."

When the curtain rose the audience began at once to figure out the cast. It was an enormous cast, but the persevering ladies and gentlemen in front of the curtain kept on studying the program while the act progressed. At its close they heaved a sigh of relief, and sat back to enjoy the acting, for now their work was done.

Act II proved that they were mistaken. The scene represented a courtroom at Versailles, Marie Antoinette, Louis, and a crowd of powdered wigs, masculine and feminine. And all new people, it seemed, with the exception of Tree. Again the audience had recourse to the program, again they figured out the cast painfully; another sigh of relief when the curtain fell. They had heard nothing of the dialogue, but they knew positively who some forty or fifty persons were representing.

As the curtain rose on the third act—supposed to take place in New France, that now we call Canada, and another totally different lot of persons renewed the action—the people out in front looked at one another in amazement and then began to laugh. They kept on laughing, not rudely, just politely, while the third batch of unknown occupied the stage, and when Beerbohm Tree appeared at the close and harangued the crowd, his voice was lost in the merriment which the audience apparently could not repress. By this time the piece was doomed. The author knew it; he had retreated further and further into the depths of the box as the signs of dissatisfaction and disgust increased, and with the opening of the fourth act he left the house. This play, freakish by reason of its confusion of characters, passed into dramatic history as one of the utter failures. Not hisses, but ridicule, killed it.

"Dr. Claudius," which was made over from his novel of the same name by Marion Crawford, assisted by a man who had spent a life-time on the stage, was another serious production—at least, intended to be so, at which New Yorkers laughed until the tears ran down their cheeks. This play was produced with tremendous *éclat* in the very height of Crawford's vogue. The author was present in a high state of excitement, for it was his first intimate experience of the theatre. Not until the audience had called him out to make a speech, and he had graciously consented, did he appear to realize that what he took for genuine applause was raillery, if not mockery. Then his plight would have aroused pity in the most cynical heart. Mr. Crawford came forth engagingly. His first words provided the usual formula: "I thank you, friends, for the kindly reception"—but he could go no farther, for the house burst into loud derisory cries. Nearly everybody present was a celebrity of some sort, or at least a fashionable notability, but some among them had not forgotten to utter the cat-call of their irresponsible youth. Poor Crawford! Unless he had been blind and deaf he could not mistake the hostility of the audience to his play; his countenance fell from complacency to consternation and he beat a hasty retreat into the wings.

But freak as "Doctor Claudius" was, it decided Crawford to persevere The next morning, after the newspapers had assured him that the first audience's verdict had killed his play, he declared: "I shall go back to Sorrento (his home) on the first steamer, but when I come back it shall be with a play they will have to listen to!"

He kept his word, and the piece, "In the Palace of the King," which he wrote to appease his pique and to prove that he could write an acceptable drama, was, if not a record-breaker, at least a popular success.

It is probable that a certain evening in May, at the Garden Theatre, provided a New York audience with its best opportunity to exercise the roman custom of *"pollice verso,"* thumbs down, which meant death to their unsuccessful entertainers in the arena. At least this is the only record of a performance in New York so badly received that the curtain was never rung up on it a second time. It happened a good many years ago. Loie Fuller, an American dancer, after a triumphant season abroad, returned to her native country and announced a re-appearance in which she had surrounded her specialty with a company to do short plays. The night was hot, and open windows and doors admitted so many of the noises of the street that it was difficult to hear the actors, but the first little play passed without a demonstration either for or against it. The next one was a genuine freak play, written by a Norwegian in imitation of Ibsen. It required three characters, two men and a woman, each of them gifted with great conversational powers. John Kellerd played either the husband or the former lover of the woman—memory has mislaid the exact part—but the scene of the two men talking confidentially in front of a roaring fire for half an hour is one which the restless, fidgety audience, unable to hear a word, will never forget. Interminable as this scene seemed, it really did come to an end. Kellerd rose, threw a toothpick into the coals, and sauntered down to the footlights, remarking in the first intelligible sentence of the evening:

"Well, here we've been talking and talking, and what is it all about? Neither of us knows."

The audience exploded in a great laugh. Some wag shouted: "We don't know either, John." That set the audience off again. It laughed and laughed again at the attempt of either actor to say a word. It laughed until the

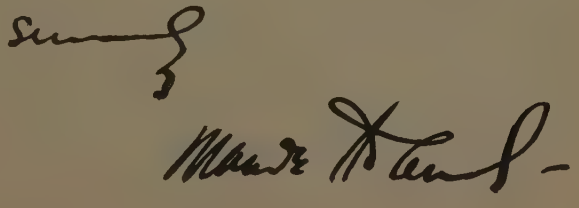
(*Continued on page* 38)

Photo Underwood & Underwood

VIRGINIA JANET MAYER

This graceful child dancer has often appeared before the public in varied dance programs. Beside this accomplishment the eleven year old artist is a violinist and pianist and possesses a voice of unusual promise.

Photo Moffett—Copyright Charles Frohman



THE PALATIAL HOME OF A POPULAR STAR

Miss Billie Burke's Beautiful Residence at Hastings-on-the-Hudson

Billie Burke has been touring the United States this past season in Catherine Chisholm Cushing's clever comedy, "Jerry." It was rumored that next season she would be under the management of her husband, Mr. F. Ziegfeld, Jr., but an announcement from the Frohman offices states that she will continue under the Frohman direction and be seen on Broadway next fall in a new comedy.

Photos White

Gate and driveway leading to the house.

A picturesque part of the grounds.

Lower picture—The Conservatory.

The Dining Room.

Upper picture—Front view of the house, known as "Burkeley Crest."

Motoring is Billie Burke's favorite pastime. She is an expert driver and the garage on her estate is absolutely up-to-date. She owns two Rolls Royce, one Mercedes and one Packard.

The swimming pool.

A view of the greenhouses.

Library and reception room.

"The idealist comes on the stage to purify and enlighten it."
"Dating from next fall France will have an idealistic Renaissance."

JULES BOIS
WRITER OF IDEALISTIC PLAYS

IF present plans do not miscarry, Jules Bois, the well-known French littérateur and playwright, will have produced in this country in October an idealistic play on a subject as yet kept secret, which he is now writing in collaboration with one of our fellow countrymen.

M. Bois, who came to this country recently to attend the San Francisco fair, is responsible for the vagueness of this statement, declining to tell the name of his co-worker or to make public any details of the play. His own part in the collaboration is well along, for his time while here (he arrived about the end of March and will return to Paris about the end of June) is fully occupied in lecturing on the general topic, "The Spirit of Sacrifice in France." He has already discussed this subject from various points of view in New York, Washington, Philadelphia, before mixed audiences, and before a sort of chosen public in the homes of Mrs. Harriman, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and others who are enormously interested in the welfare and fate of France. He has also addressed meetings in Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, and the cities of the Pacific Coast, so that it should seem that he could have very little time left for writing plays.

M. Bois came to this country at this season on a sort of public mission, having been accredited by Theophile Delcassé, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, as a representative of the Republic to the Exposition at San Francisco, with minor duties as various as getting a report of how the French language is taught in our great centres of learning, and how much of a crop of corn we shall produce this year, etc. But above all, M. Bois' purpose is to prove to all who come to hear him that there existed before the war and there still exists a steadfast, religious France, a praying and believing France.

For this alert, ruddy-toned, black-eyed and black-bearded Frenchman is an idealist, which means, first of all, a religious man, and whether he speaks or writes plays, produces novels, lectures or philosophizes, he deals with things idealistic. That is his first word in the way of personal explanation, "I have always written idealistic literature."

To-day it is the same. The present period of war, instead of blighting the prospects of a crop of idealism, will, said M. Bois to the writer, render it more abundant and profuse.

"There will be no great number of war plays from France," he said; "and I say this not because the writers for the theatre do not feel our national tragedy, but because they will be led into other fields. The drama of war has been played for nine months; how much longer it will hold the boards, who can tell? But, at least, it will give place in our forthcoming dramatic literature to other ideas. I feel convinced that there is to be in France, dating from next fall, an idealistic renaissance.

"In my own case circumstances may make it appear that my latest piece accepted for production in Paris was aroused in me by a study of the present war, since it is filled with the pomp and panoply of armies, but such is not the case. I had completed my play before the nations threw their gauntlets into the field. This piece I called 'L'Amazone domptée,' and certain acts pass in Themissia, the city of the Amazons, where woman rules and men are slaves, while other scenes are laid in the plains before the city. In this play I aim to give an idealistic picture of the life of the Amazons—showing how this hardy race of women guarded jealously their female infants and destroyed all but the most robust boys, who were saved to do the manual labors of existence. The Queen of the Amazons is Penthesilia, and she is forced to lead her troops against those of Achilles, the battle between them affording a various and grandiose spectacle. To the shores of this woman kingdom come Jason and his Argonauts, who are in search of the Golden Fleece. With Jason the Amazonian Queen falls into a transport of love, which offers an opportunity to propound and attempt the solution of many feministic problems that puzzle us to-day. It was this feature which attracted me to the subject, for, when all is said, I heartily accept most of the advanced feministic doctrines of the present day."

M. Bois made his introduction to the reading public of his country with a feminist novel, "L'Eve nouvelle," which excited controversy and general interest—well-nigh electing him into the Academy, but he is not yet an Academician. Even in treating subjects as modern as those which absorb the mental and physical energies of Mrs. Pankhurst and her daughter, M. Bois

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ELIZABETH NELSON

Appearing in "A Full House" at the Longacre Theatre

approaches them on the idealistic side, and it is in explanation of this proclivity that he becomes personal and interesting, for he said:

"The idealistic dramatist is too often misunderstood; he is classed with the dreamer, the eater of lotus leaves; he is not believed to have a useful aim. He is too widely considered a poet—singer of an idle lay. Not so. The idealistic playwright has a deeper purpose than poetry; he wishes to do his part also as a moralist and philosopher. He comes on the stage to purify it and to enlighten it. He comes there to define and encourage man's vacillating perceptions of duty—he is not satisfied to win the applause of the adolescent, he seeks to earn their gratitude."

In France, it is scarcely necessary to add, there are schools of every kind of writing, and it seems easier to acquire there disciples than elsewhere. The idealistic school, which has been growing since the death of Zola, has shown an exquisite sensibility of soul and sense, denoting, according to their critics, a feminine fibre of organization. M. Bois denies that he is a follower of the author of "Berenice's Garden"; and, in truth, he appears to be a masculine thinker, unafraid to pursue a truth to its birthplace. In his more characteristic plays there is a kernel of conclusion from far-reaching principles that stimulates thought and sometimes compels it. Most of his plays are in verse, and they have appeared as follows: "Les Noces de Sathan," "La Porte Héroïque du Ciel," "Hippolyte Couronné," "La Furie," and "Naïl." The last is a play with scenes laid at Ouled Naïl, in the African desert.

"La Furie" was played in 1909 at the Comédie Française. Its hero, Hercules, was the rôle assumed by Mounet-Sully. After accomplishing his terrible and fabulous labors, conquering all common evils, vanquishing all earthly monsters, Hercules hears of one all-powerful monster, universally dreaded by mankind, that is called Death. He goes in search of this monster to slay it as a fitting climax to his gigantic toils. His journey takes him to Egypt, and there, from the Sphinx, he wrests the secret that he must descend into hell to find his enemy. He does so, and encounters at its gate Volupté, who overcomes him, for Hercules is not pure of heart nor chaste of life. This creature, assuming the name and quality of the Fury, follows Hercules back to earth, persuades him that his wife is not faithful, that his children are not his; in a word, by her taunts and jeers drives him to madness till he kills his wife and dashes out the brains of his children. "Hippolyte Couronné" (done at the Odéon) was a serious play—all Bois pieces are—but this one, "La Furie," is as fatefully tragic as "Euripides."

Photo Strauss Peyton

ETHEL INTROPIDI

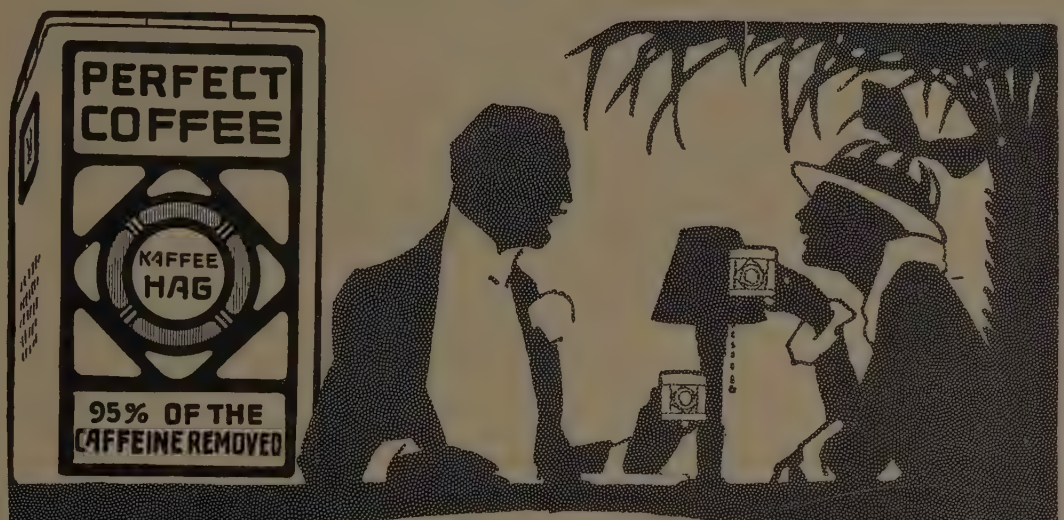
Who has been Playing in "Seven Keys to Baldpate"

The play awaiting production in Paris, "L'Amazone domptée," of which a brief résumé has been given, as nearly approaches a comedy as the author's type of mind permits. He is of a serious bent and believes in the uplifting power of the theatre.

"Now is the moment to purify the French theatre," said M. Bois. "Too long has it suffered under the mistaken judgment of foreigners that but one theme is treated therein, the theme represented by various phases of the so-called *ménage à trois*. While plays on this theme have certainly been common in Paris, they have by no means usurped the stage. Unfortunately, these plays are the sort that foreigners appear to wish to see, and in consequence they are first to pass through a translation. It would be possible to prove, by a citation of the productions in the French theatre for a period of years since Scribe's day, that plays involving a confusion of domestic relations have formed a part only. Such pieces will now be seen infrequently. This is the time to purify the intellect, the manners, the heart of the French nation. A study of the ideal will do this—and I beg you to note that I look confidently to the spread of this study in the literature of our nation in all its sub-divisions, but it will surely show itself first in the idealistic theatre. I am but one of many working for this form of the drama, and it will triumph—like the French army!

"The idealistic theatre leads us back to the morning of the world—but not to primitive peoples or barbaric customs. On the contrary, it espouses the most refined study of intellect and manners, and so it finds its most complete expression in the civilization of the ancient Greeks

(*Continued on page* 39)



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FREAK PLAYS

(*Continued from page* 30)

entrance of the woman. What she said could not be heard for the merriment, and when at the sudden recognition of the visiting gentleman —to whom she was supposed to have held the relationship of Paula Tanqueray to the young man who wished to marry in the family—the woman fell in a swoon, instead of being sympathetically affected the people out in front took this tragic moment as a great joke, demeaning themselves so uproariously that the curtain had to be rung down.

Although this performance long ante-dated the "movies," the principle which makes these attractive to the multitude existed then as now in human nature. The audience didn't reject the Norwegian play because they couldn't hear it, but because they couldn't *see* it—in plain terms the play was a freak and amply deserved the rough treatment it received. W. S.

Vicissitudes of a Playwright

(*Continued from page* 10)

for a production at His Majesty's Theatre were lacking. Belasco took it with little hesitation, however, and how fortunate were the results is an old story.

Having placed two successes to his credit it might be surmised, and wrongly surmised, that Mr. Locke's difficulties in finding a producer were permanently over. He is rather of the opinion that scoring with one play does not necessarily make the selling of others an easy matter. Joseph Brooks was going to stage "The Silver Wedding," but he changed his mind and Frazee finally put the piece on in Chicago where it did very well, only to become a mid-summer failure in New York. Then came "The Revolt." For more than a year noboby wanted it, and during that year Mr. Locke listened to all sorts of objections. Two managers were afraid of the theme, another thought that the play deserved a hearing but wasn't in a position to take chances, and so, in varied form and substance, came the excuses. This playwright long ago concluded that a manager is temperamentally averse to giving his true reasons for rejecting a play. Belasco, the late Charles Frohman, every important producer in New York, in fact, had listened to a reading of "The Revolt" before its acceptance by F. Ray Comstock. On the other hand, with "The Bubble" he had very little trouble, for Lee Shubert, the third manager approached, accepted it promptly, and two weeks later the play was in rehearsal. LYNDE DENIG.

Greek Drama in Beautiful Settings

(*Continued from page* 13)

were brought forth as the sunset—in the quiet of eventide.

Take into consideration all these elements, and the fusion of them into a work of art is a great triumph for Mr. Barker. Recollect that he was not playing in a real Greek theatre, but that he had to take something gigantic, like a Stadium, and force it to his needs. Give the ordinary stage manager the problem of disposing of long stretches of interpretative chorus, and see what he would do with it; yet Barker got over the difficulty in a variety of song, and chant, and recitative, and the stories stood out well to the fore. Take into consideration that the actors were obliged to cope with an auditorium five times greater than a theatre, where the fitful wind swept the voices anywhere but *to* the audience, and you will marvel that so much was heard. From the farthest corner of the Stadium, this splotch of Greek Drama on the greensward must have looked like a picture; and it was the pictorial effect Mr. Barker wanted—besides getting the voices strong, and the text distinct. In that respect he succeeded.

MONTROSE J. MOSES.

Theatre Going in New York

(*Continued from page* 20)

appearances some months later. Mr. Cooper was thematinée idol of his day, while Mr. Bibby, judging by the number of performances in which he appeared, came a close second in the public favor.

Mrs. Williams, of the London and Dublin Theatres, made her début on Wednesday evening, May 17th, as Laetitia Hardy in "The Belle's Stratagem," apearing six times in different plays during her first engagement. She again returned to the fold on July 10th for a few more appearances in "The Honey Moon," "The Rivals," "She Stoops to Conquer," and "Man and Wife."

GEORGE MERWIN NELSON.

Jules Bois, Writer of Idealistic Plays

(*Continued from page* 36)

and in the period, more or less historical, which is called the golden age of the world. Before psychology had come in fashion, these ancients were familiar with the complexities of the human soul. The Greek dramatists, however, meddled very little with the insoluble problems of a future world, but by grappling with the facts of this world, by taking a frank delight in the actions and passions of human beings, they made more out of life. The idealistic school seeks to uncover and follow their formulas in order to rediscover the true picturesque and to find big drama in man and his destiny.

M. Bois smiled as he admitted that, by reason of the number of purposes which have brought him to America, he is far from being an example of rigid exclusion of ideas. His wealth of titles also would indicate a mind occupied in many ways. He is Vice-President of the Society of Gens-de-Lettres, and of the Association of Literary Critics, President of the Société Idéaliste des Félibres, and of the French Society for Psychical Research.

"Notwithstanding these activities," he said, "I have labored, shall labor, and am laboring all the time for the Idealistic Theatre, and I expect to see, with the coming of peace, a true renaissance in idealism."

WILLIS STEELL.

The Inner Life of an Actress

(*Continued from page* 23)

of ingratitude I must plead for the woman who charms us, whom it is our habit to see with the blurring rather than the revealing border of footlights between us, the dominance of the emotional element in her life. A manager falls short of what she interprets as the spirit of their contract. The assurance of a hard-faced, cold-voiced lawyer that the letter of the contract is unimpaired counts for naught. The spirit of Boadicea flames in her breast. She cries out for justice, the higher, broaded justice, and she flings the contract upon the scrapheap of Derided Things. Her sense of justice is that of the stake of the martyrs instead of the class in mathematics.

It has been said of the typical actress that her friendships are fires of shavings, her loves brief as a bad memory. First I should reply that it isn't true. Anent the first claim I recall hearing Mrs. Fiske in a dressing room welcoming of silver-haired friends say in a voice that thrilled with sincerity: "I have reached that time of life when I appreciate old friends." If the brevity of an actress's love were insisted upon I should say: "Well for her if it be so." For we have the poet's assurance "'Tis a sad gift, that much applauded thing, a constant heart."

ADA PATTERSON.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

(*Continued from page* 7)

singable versification. Sullivan's score is summed up in the expression, charmingly melodious. John Wellington Wells, the glib purveyor of magical spells, is another of Hopper's artistic and humorous impersonations. Digby Bell, who sang in the original production thirty-four years ago, gave distinction and weight to the revival as Doctor Daly. "Trial by Jury" was sung and acted with unflagging zest. The amorous judge is Hopper at his best.

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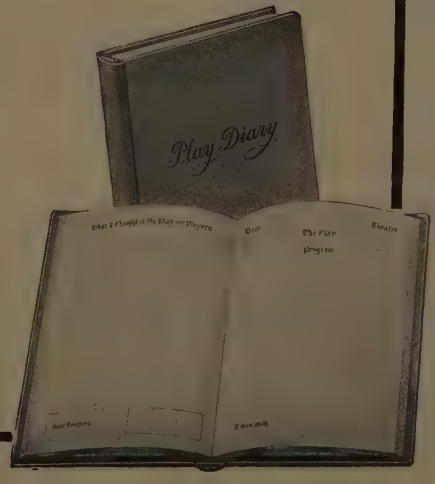

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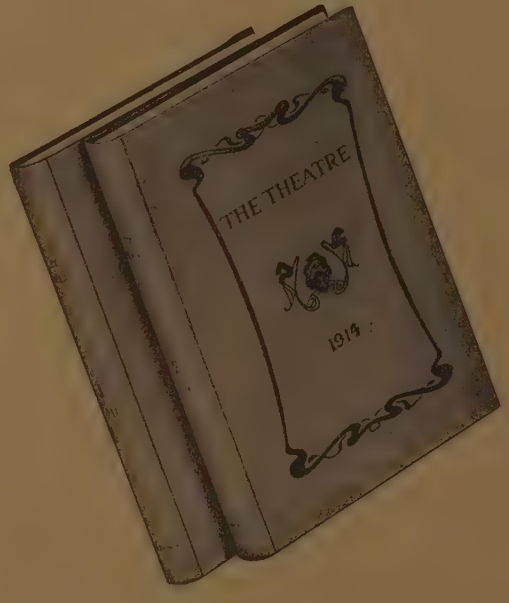

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Bits that Have Made Actors Big

(*Continued from page 27*)

Kennedy's "The Servant in the House," in which he gave one of the most notable performances in a cast which included Edith Wynne Matthison, Tyrone Power, Charles Dalton, and Walter Hampden.

One of the most picturesque bits that ever made an actor famous was the rôle of the lone fisherman in Ed. E. Rice's "Evangeline," the first of the great extravaganzas. Harry Hunter played the part, and it was a part without a single line. But it made Hunter an actor of nation-wide renown. In "Evangeline" were also William H. Crane, George Schiller and Pauline Hall. These players have earned recognition in other productions, but the fame of Hunter rests upon his characterization of the fisherman who hadn't a word to say.

A young woman whose salary in vaudeville is said to hover around the $2,000 a week mark, made her hit at a time when she had to make her own costumes, and she boasted that on the skirt of the dress in which she sung her first song success she had sewed 20,000 beads with her own fingers. The song hit was *The Sambo Girl.* The musical comedy was "The Chaperone." The singer was Eva Tanguay, an unknown appearing in the cast with Walter Jones, Trixie Friganza and Nellie Follis. Another singer who won an enviable place among high-salaried entertainers as the result of a single song success was Lotta Faust who sang *Sammy* in "The Wizard of Oz." This was the first of the songs to be sung to the boxes.

RALPH GRAVES.

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ANITA STEWART

(*Continued from page 18*)

begin my tennis and swimming. I like both, not only for the game, but also because they keep me in good physical condition. For instance, we were down in the hills of North Carolina recently, taking some scenes for "The Goddess." In one of them I had to fall from a canoe into a lake and be rescued by Earle Williams. I had only a thin gauze robe on, and the water was the coldest I've ever felt! And we had to repeat that scene three times before it went off successfully! If I hadn't been in excellent health I'm sure that would have been the end of me!

"And then, you see, exterior work in the streets of a crowded city is always very trying. In another scene for "The Goddess" I had to pass, seemingly mesmerized, in my robes, through the crowded Pennsylvania Station in New York City. It was part of the action that a crowd should follow me, and my director, who is still Mr. Ince, brought along about fifty 'extras' to play the crowd. They were like a drop in the bucket when the scene was filmed. I think that at least five hundred people followed me through the station, yelling and carrying on, some tugging at my robe, some understanding what it was all about and others not. Meanwhile, outside the station, word was spread that Jess Willard, the champion fighter, was coming, and hundreds more gathered at the entrance waiting for him to come out. When I finally came out in my flowing white robe there was almost a riot going on. Traffic was held up and the police reserves were called. And I had to walk through all that without turning my head to left or right! It was harrowing!

"But all the little inconveniences like that I can well afford to forget. I am paid well for them in many ways, financially and otherwise. I am sometimes struck with the wonderful thought that, even as I stand where I am, thousands of people are gazing at me in picture houses all over the world, and are perhaps being entertained and their worries lightened by what I am doing on the screen. Over six hundred letters come to me every week in all languages—some very foolish, it is true, but all very kind. They form a series of human documents—love, tragedy, comedy—all the elements of drama are contained in those letters. I got one a few days ago from a mother in Scotland, who told me that her two boys had been killed in action at Ypres, and that, being left alone in the world, she had sought and had found consolation in watching me play on the screen. Could any tribute be more wonderful? I cried when I read it, and felt prouder of myself than I had ever felt before!"

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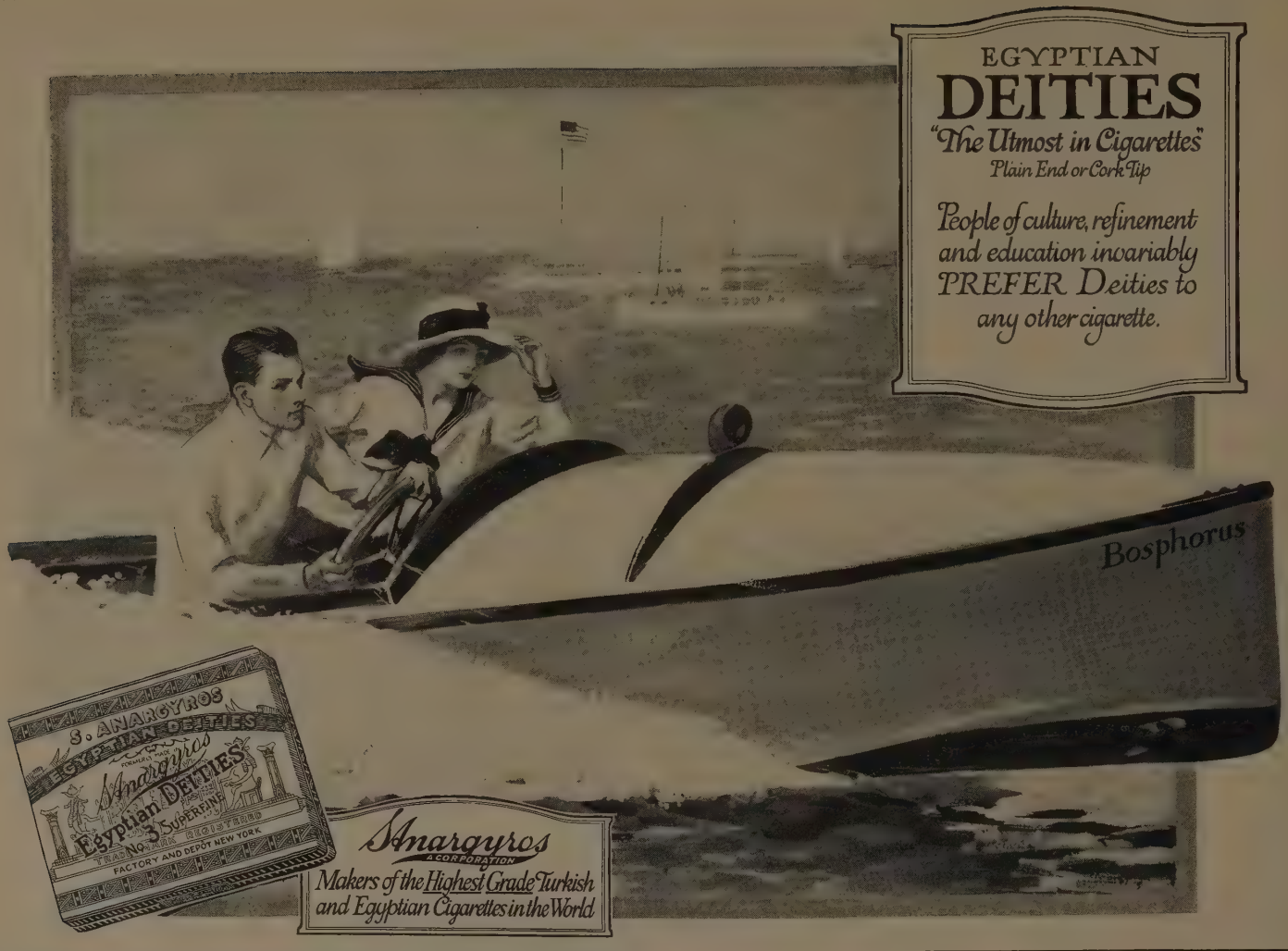

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FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS

CONTENTS

Clothes Seen on the Stage

In the Realm of the Necessary

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"All in a Garden Fair"

Photo Ira L. Hill's Studio

All that a dancing costume for Midsummer should suggest, daintiness and coolness and crispness, the lightness of thistle down, the foam on the crest of a wave, the white of an evening moth!

Clothes Seen On The Stage

© Ira L. Hill's Studios

It's really but three yards of material just wrapped round —but as only Lucille knows how.

MISS IVY TROUTMAN, leading lady of "Taking Chances," has graciously consented to talk on clothes, stage and personal, for this month's article. She received me in her dressing-room the other evening before the performance. I should say she was *permitted* to receive me after the guardian of the portal, a beautiful Chow dog and Miss Troutman's constant companion, had with fastidious dignity sniffed me over to assure herself that I was a perfectly innocuous person. Satisfied apparently on that score Madame Chow lay down on the floor and listened tolerantly to our conversation.

AU CLAIR DE LA LUNE.

"This is my first act gown," said Miss Troutman, holding up a lovely dress designed by the Francis Willard House. "I told them, when I gave the order for it, that they must remember the dress was going to be worn in a moonlit scene and should be made of materials that would catch and reflect the light—a dress, in short, that would suggest moonlight in itself. So you see they made the foundation of cloth of silver and the overskirt of net embroidered in a vine-like pattern with silver wire, which, I must confess, though beautiful, has its drawbacks. The skirt is quite six or seven yards around, and my maid has to stand every night after I have taken the frock off and pull out the wire which becomes crinkled with each wearing." Underneath the net skirt were garlands of little chiffon roses, hand-painted, and one adorned the centre of the cloth of silver bodice, as you may see in the picture. Cloth of silver slippers with big brilliant buckles, a half-moon of brilliants for the hair, and an enormous fan of stiff white quills complete the shimmering picture.

Underneath the net skirt were garlands of little chiffon roses, hand-painted, and one adorned the centre of the cloth of silver bodice.

In net with a coin spot over green, another model from Altman, was the crispest and coolest-looking thing imaginable—a dish of pistache ice cream.

A NIGHTIE AND TWO NÉGLIGÉES.

Being still tolerated by Madame Chow we went on to second act garments. Miss Troutman first showed me the pale pink crêpe de chine nightie she wears in this act and then the Lucille *saut de lit* that goes over it. I find, by the way, that stage garments are made with the same dainty stitches as personal ones, and with as much meticulous care for detail as if every feminine eye in the audience were reinforced by a powerful lens. I don't know whether this contributes in some mysterious subconscious way to the larger general effect or whether it is simply to satisfy the aesthetic sense of the actress. Probably the latter: however, I must remember to ask. The pink nightie, for instance, had touches of net about the neck, ribbon threaded through hand-made buttonholes, and lovely little wreaths of flowers embroidered in soft colors. Shaking out the Lucille garment, which was of white scattered with silver roses, Miss Troutman remarked on the complicated simplicity of its construction. "It's really but three yards of material just wrapped round—*but* as only Lucille knows how," she said. I better appreciated the remark when I saw the *saut de lit* later on from the front of the house, sheathing and falling around those long slender lines of Miss Troutman's. As she departs left upper entranceward to an imaginary bath her curly brown head is done up most fetchingly in a pink satin bandana, a suggestive idea for home consumption, especially if one were to use wash satin. Later in the act Miss Troutman wears a delectable shortish négligée of an unusual shade of pinkish red, scattered with gold flowers, and combined with lace and an enormous blue Geisha bow. The little garment was worked out and put together by herself and her maid. "I like to buy models or go to a big dressmaker like Lucille, or else work out something with my maid," Miss Troutman said and added, "A good French maid is everything!" Which statement I imagine none of us will put to protest. Only "first catch your hare."

(*Continued on page 53*)

A dancing frock each ruffle headed by a yellow ribbon, had to add to its distinction a greenery-bluery satin girdle.

An Altman model is of pale blue taffeta over deep cream lace, the little vine on the 1860 bodice having a deep purple and a yellow in its shades.

by Request
Milady Decolleté Gillette

Fashion Says—

Evening gowns must be sleeveless, or made with the merest suggestion of gauzy sleeves of tulle or lace. Afternoon gowns are made with semi-transparent yokes and sleeves.

Separate bodices are fashioned of sheer materials.

The Woman of Fashion Says—

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GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

In The Realm of The Necessary

THE silk sweater is the garment of the hour. Since its introduction into America several years ago it has been slowly but surely creeping into favor and is reaching its zenith with this season. One of the buyers of the big houses told me that she brought over some of the first silk sweaters four years ago to sell at twenty-five dollars a sweater and was laughed at for her pains. "What? Pay twenty-five dollars for a sweater?" people said. "Absurd." But the fact that the silk sweater has gained ground steadily since that time is the best criterion that it fills a distinct need. The American manufacturer, since the foreign supply has been cut down by the war, has put his wits to work and is outdoing himself in offering the garment in varying colors and weaves and styles, to say nothing of prices. Every month sees a new aspect of it. So that if you feel that one model is too fragile in coloring or too light in weight, there is another to suit you in a more practical shade or greater warmth. If, on the other hand, you wish to have a dressy garment to throw on over a thin frock or a light waist there are any number of sweaters in the delicate dyes, in plain colors, or combinations, and in light materials. One can go as high as fifty dollars for an imported fibre or as low as nine dollars for a domestic weave.

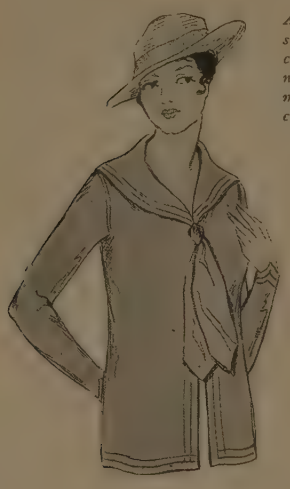
Whatever else, therefore, you eliminate for economy's sake from your summer wardrobe I should strongly advise its *not* being a silk sweater. Cut out something else, but have one. And probably once you begin to look into the bewildering and beautiful variety that the different stores carry you won't let yourself off with less than two. The same buyer of whom I spoke told me that a customer of hers had bought no less than five of a certain heavy Italian silk model, with a plaid border, here picturized. "Time tryeth trothe": and there is no question that the silk sweater is more than redeeming its pledges to those of the buyers who first brought it over from the other side. It has passed out of the garment *de luxe* class and into the "realm of the necessary." In the first place you can wear it all up and down the day: in the second place it has enough and not too much warmth for summer—where the woolen sweater overdoes it; and in the third place it is universally becoming if you take care to choose your color. I should love to see someone, an olive-skinned brunette preferably, in a deep crimson sweater, middy blouse fashioned, which I saw at Lord & Taylor's. The color was like that in a glass of old claret held to the light. I wish I had space to tell of the other lovely weaves and colors at Lord & Taylor's. But do go and see them for yourself. The assortment is unique and will give you an aesthetic treat.

Incidentally as far as the dyes of the domestic sweaters go, America seems, to put it mildly, to be holding her own very nicely with the other side. At Wanamaker's I saw the model of an American manufacturer, double-fibred silk, brought out in the most luscious shades; in particular a turquoise blue, a plum and an unusual lime green.

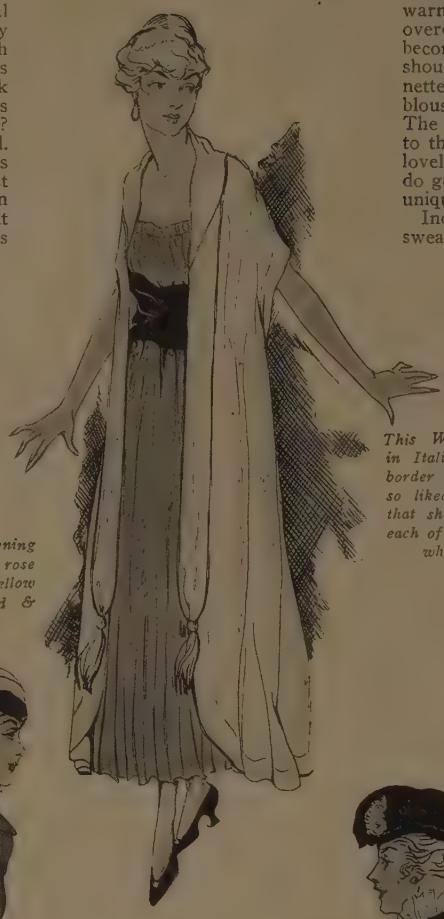
Two of the latest manifestations of the silk sweater are those in crêpe de chine and in silk poplin. Altman, with an eye on the extreme hot weather, is particularly featuring the crêpe de chine sweater and the tailoring of this delicate fabric is quite marvellous. One may choose a color, a soft yellow or rose, or medium blue, and the house will make a crêpe de chine hat in the same shade to go with it. I can imagine no prettier costume for a summer day than either a white dress, or a white linen skirt and waist, with these accessories, and if you like a parasol to match.

As to the silk poplins; I saw in the window of Kurzman on Fifth Avenue a sweater coat in a wonderful shade of cerise silk poplin (cerise is very smart just at present), and I fancy it will be one of the most popular materials by the middle of the summer. A very good thing to know is that one of the largest wholesale specialty cloak houses in the city is making up a lovely sweater coat in silk poplin, trimmed with black velvet, which I have shown in one of the sketches. It comes in tan, navy, belgium blue and black, and can be had if would-be purchasers will communicate with the THEATRE MAGAZINE. It is a good coat, isn't it?

ANNE ARCHBALD.

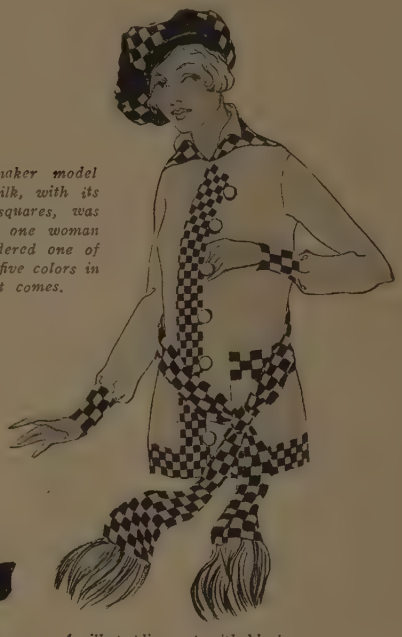


A crêpe de chine sweater with straight cording in the very newest cut. Altman makes it in turquoise, cerise, white and emerald.



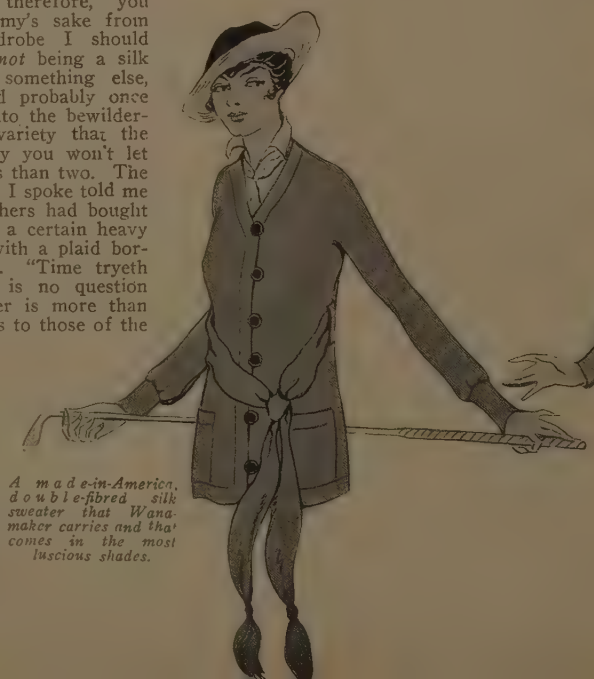
This Wanamaker model in Italian silk, with its border of squares, was so liked by one woman that she ordered one of each of the five colors in which it comes.

An imported evening sweater coat in a rose pink, blue, or yellow fibre, from Lord & Taylor.



A silk poplin coat with black velvet bands that one of the leading specialty cloak houses is putting out.

A deep crimson sweater, whose color was like that of a glass of old claret held to the light. Lord & Taylor.



A made-in-America, double-fibred silk sweater that Wanamaker carries and that comes in the most luscious shades.

A Milanese silk sweater with white fur on the collar. From Altman.

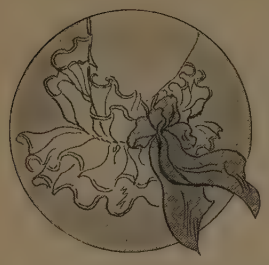
© by Anne Dupont

MISS GERALDINE FARRAR

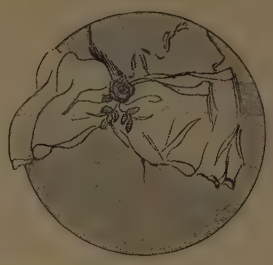
A charming new photograph of Miss Farrar posed especially for the THEATRE MAGAZINE. *Miss Farrar is shown wearing one of the new hats of fine* ***French felt*** *which are now so much in vogue. The hat was designed by Thurn.*

Gossamer Midsummer Frills

To becomingly screen the footlight's glare is not the least of an actress's accomplishments, and it is one which puts her in a position to know all that is to be known about tempering any kind of glare. Five popular ways of defying "Old Sol" found here and there in popular stage wardrobes.



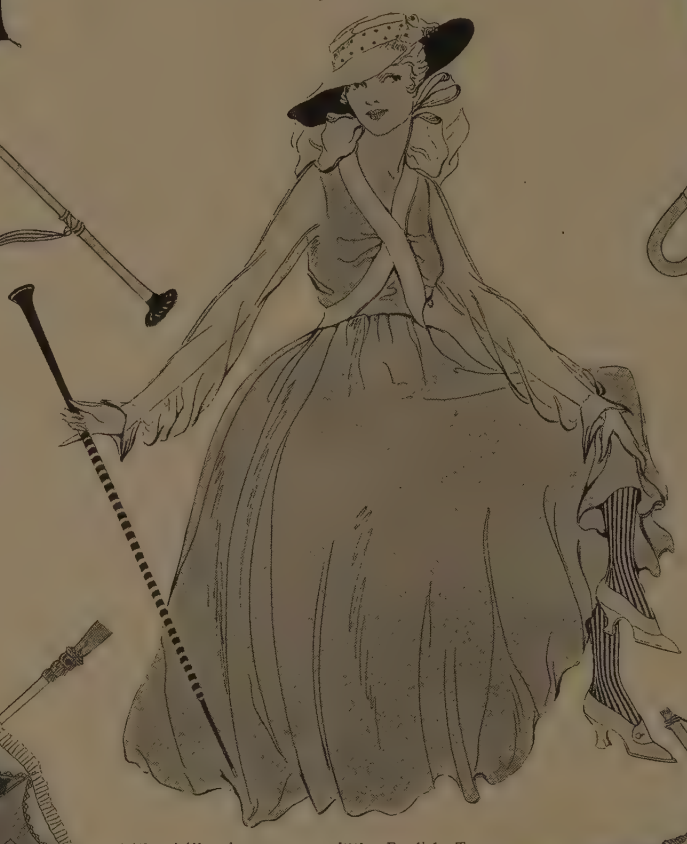
Conceded to midsummer are the fluffy things, so here is a dainty pink edge frill that will stay dainty in spite of the heat, because it is made of sheer, crisp organdie and can be laundered. James McCreery & Co. $1.90.



An unusual summer ruff in which dainty rosebuds play hide and seek among loops of sheer white organdie. James McCreery. $1.90.

Flat and floppy and wide enough to ward off the sun. What more could one ask of a white crêpe velvet-faced hat which conveniently shapes itself becomingly to any type of face? Its white grosgrain band and tailored bow is besprinkled with black French knots. Smolen.

They call this flutted collar "West Point," not because a young and handsome cadet fell in love with its pretty wearer, as one might be led to suppose from its becomingness, but for the more prosaic reason that it crosses over in front like part of that same cadet's uniform. James McCreery & Co. $1.90.

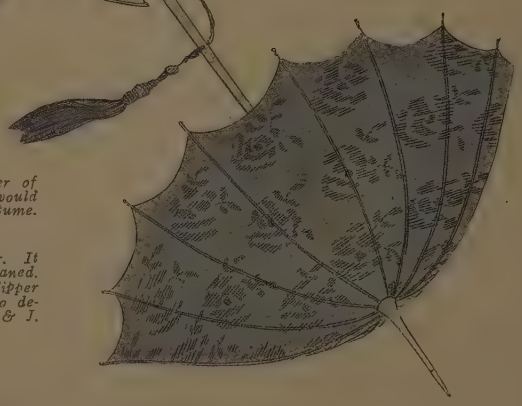


A "magpie" sunshade is of white moiré, banded in black velvet, and has a white lacquered handled with black trimmings. A parasol of this kind would be just as effective with one of the new sheer frilly net afternoon dresses as it would be appropriate with a tailored morning costume, such as a white corduroy sports-skirt and crêpe waist. $12.75.

"In Sunshine or Rain, I'm always the same," says this practical English parasol—or umbrella (it depends on the weather). With a silver-banded "Prince of Wales" handle, and of purple guaranteed waterproof taffeta, it "stubs" its nose at the sun, and nicely sheds the rain. These "duplex" sun-foils are so very different from their near relative of past summers that they are almost in an entirely new class. They come in light and delicate colorings, as well as the deeper tones, and do not fade in the sun nor does the color run in the rain. Belonging to the same class is the parasol of two shades of silk. The lighter and inner shade acting as a color frame to one's gown and the outer and darker supplying the protection that is necessary for the preservation of one's complexion. $6.

'Allo, 'Allo, have you a little English Tommy Atkins swagger stick? You must own one, you know, to be really, truly smart, so take yourself to Franklin Simon and buy a black and white striped, silk-covered one for only $2.

Sporting black and white stripes almost one-quarter of an inch in width, a pair of stockings like this would mean so little yet add so much to any summer costume. Peck & Peck. $5.

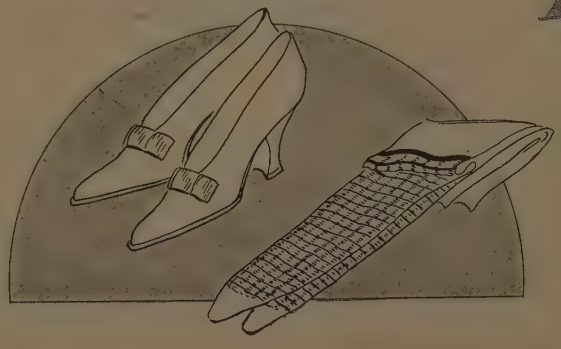


Frothy with cream-colored chiffon, hand embroidered over a pink silk lining and edged with yards and yards and yards of white accordion plaited taffeta. Although its pale fawn colored pagoda top is not "lookin' eastward to the sea," it is shaped exactly like the old Moulmein one that did. $15.

Buckskin is to replace kid for smart white footgear. It looks softer, wears better and can be more easily cleaned. The simple cut and smart line of this rather plain slipper shows that midsummer footwear fashions are apt to depart from the rather "wild" styles of spring. J. & J. Slater. $10.

The dainty coolness and freshness of white canvas spells its appeal not only for sports, but in a well-cut slipper like this, for afternoon as well. J. & J. Slater. $6.50.

'Round and 'round run the woven lavender stripes in a white silk Peck & Peck stocking, in spite of the fact that the drop-stitched ones go up and down. $3.



One may have a bluebird for happiness, but one must have a blue sunshade for modishness, for to reflect the summer's sky is to be smart. Blue is the background of the pompadour silk which covers this Japanese parasol, and the handle is cream-colored and hand-carved and the price is only $5.25 *at Franklin & Simon's, where all the parasols on this page come from.*

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"All In A Garden Fair"

NEARLY every one of our famous stage celebrities is a lover of the out-of-doors. This may be largely due to the fact that so much of their lives are spent in the forced artificial life of the theatre and the large cities, that their love of Nature and country life is exaggerated.

At any rate, some of the finest country homes in America are owned by well-known stars, and we have chosen the skillfully planned estate of Ann Murdock, now starring in "The Celebrated Case," as an example of how very beautiful a garden can be.

The grounds surrounding North Prescott Cottage at Lawrence Park are full of delightful walks, the most wonderful flowers and green things, and predominating over all this beauty the splendid taste of Miss Murdock.

Dressing one's garden is quite as interesting and almost as important as dressing one's house, and great care must be exercised in the selection of furniture, since no matter how beautiful or quaint an object may be in itself, it will spoil the picture if it does not harmonize with the general plan of walks, beds, trees, etc.

Willow furniture is excellent for garden needs. Besides being very durable and practically weather-proof, it is light enough to be moved about, so that your favorite morning reading chair need not necessarily be abandoned because of the sun in the afternoon.

Some of the willow pieces and garden trifles on this page are very like the out-of-doors "things" Miss Murdock favors.

A vicious old cockatoo scolds from his gay green swing, but his voice must be made of wood and painted like himself, for no one seems to heed him. And his swing is nothing but an ordinary barrel-hoop, but most skillfully used to make Mr. Cockatoo look like the "real thing." From "The Children's Gift Shop" this, together with the garden sticks below and countless other birds, animals, and wooden-beings, are worthy the love and affection of any child.

A large family of lucky gold fish and several sleepy old turtles would make a happy home of this submarine aquarium. The McHugh willow stand and wide glass bowl make it a fitting ornament for garden, porch or sun-parlor. The price is $35, and it can be fitted with a beautiful electric fountain which, besides being extremely decorative, would make changing the water frequently, unnecessary, for an added cost of $75.

One could make a cozy corner of almost any spot on the lawn with one of these comfy willow settles. There is a pocket for magazines and a water glass and there should be several fat Chinese pillows, because the settle itself is styled "Pekin." $35.

A tête-à-tête tea table for some quiet corner of the garden. It is made and designed by Joseph McHugh & Son, of strong willow, and cannot be damaged by summer showers. The peasant tea set and willow tray is priced at $15, the Chinese pillow at $2, and the "Round Tavern Tea Seat" at $35.

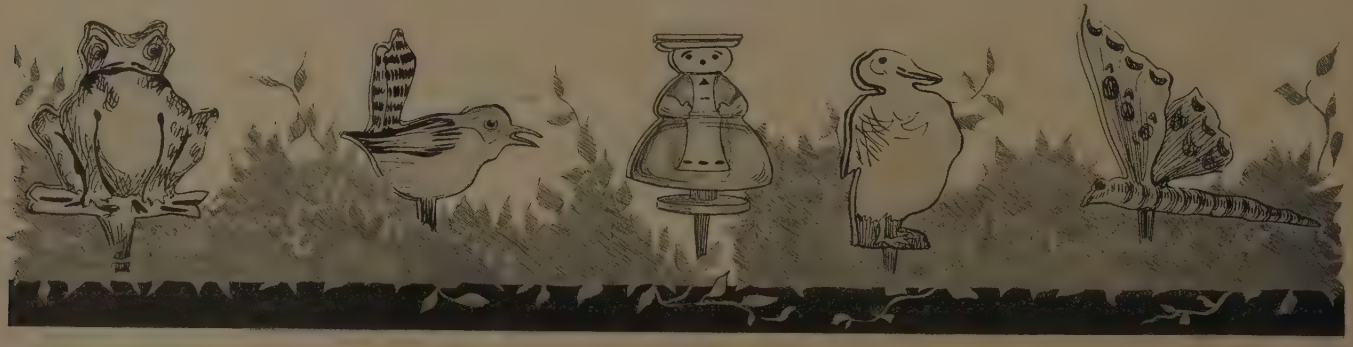
This froggie didn't go a-wooing—he had to stay right at home in a huge rododendron, because he was held back by a plant stick—35 cents.

A saucy little wren that is worth as much in a bush as two in your hand and a great deal more than the 50 cents at which it is priced.

Mrs. Noah, round and fat and jolly, can be induced to step from her husband's ark right into your garden for 50 cents.

No matter how far from his native haunts, this funny yellow duck will keep happy, for his smile is painted on in weather-proof paint—35 cents

A great and gorgeous butterfly will "stick" in your garden all day without stealing any of the sweets.



Do You Like to Have Your Shopping Done for You

So many of our readers have written us for news of where and how to purchase the articles shown in "Footlight Fashions."—

So many have said, "I live away from the city and it is so irksome to come in."—

So many have said, "I cannot find this lovely thing you show—will you get it for me?"—

therefore, we are going to offer to do that for you

PROMPTED by what we see of the clothes and the furnishings of the lovely homes of such prominent women of the stage as Miss Billie Burke and Miss Ann Murdock, the articles shown in "Footlight Fashions" are those that we find in the smartest shops that most nearly resemble them.

Nothing but the very latest—the very smartest—and the very best quality appeals to these famous stage people who go everywhere, see everything, do everything and wear everything—*first*.

There is no place just like New York City for the purchase of fashionable clothes—correct furniture, odd and dainty gifts for all occasions—hangings—wall-papers—the latest designs in small personal articles, such as purses, handbags, jewelry, veils—the loveliest and latest of everything.

For this service, we do not charge you. Our shoppers are in the shops all the time and will be at your service for any of your shopping needs. Even if you are in need of merchandise which we have not shown we will be glad to either purchase for you or advise you as to shops, prices, etc.

Write us and we will tell you how to use the Theatre Magazine Shopping Service to your greatest benefit.

Address your Shopping Service letters to Anne Archbald

Clothes Seen on the Stage

(*Continued from page 46*)

NEW USE FOR SAFETY PINS.

"Bless the person who invented safety pins," Miss Troutman went on. "He deserves a monument. I don't know what in the world I should do on or off the stage without them. You know I have a friend who is terribly clever about concocting creations for herself, and I learned a tip from her. She stands in front of a mirror with a big box of safety pins of all sizes near at hand, and with the help of the maid drapes her material on her own figure and fastens it firmly with dozens of safety pins. Then, when everything is battened down quite to her liking, the maid can take the garment off and sew it up with no fear of the pins, as common ones do, slipping out of place." I thought it an excellent expedient, and intend to profit by it myself.

This Wanamaker model hints at a return to the Princess line predicted for the fall.

Miss Troutman, you may gather from all this, takes no chances—in contradistinction to the title of her play—as far as the details of her costumes are concerned. Each is thought out beforehand, each is brought into proper relation with the whole scheme; and it is this attention to detail that makes for individuality in her costumes, as well as in any other. Lucille may "wrap" the white and silver robe, but Miss Troutman adds her touch of the pink satin bandana.

UNUSUAL COLOR COMBINATIONS IN THE STORES.

Altman is showing some unusual colorings in "little" dancing frocks. (I think somebody remarked recently, à propos of a captious made comment, that a certain kind of frock, she didn't know why, always *had* to be referred to as "little".) A pale gray net, with an odd-shaped apron tunic over an accordion plaited foundation, had silver thread on the bodice and rosebuds caught here and there. Something of the same allurement as lay in Miss Troutman's moonlight gown hung about it. A white net, with a black net edge over pink taffeta, caught up with pink rosebuds, made another unusual combination. One of the sketches here reproduced and taken from an Altman model is of pale blue taffeta over a deep cream lace skirt, the little vine running around the ruching at the head of the 1860 bodice having a deep purple and a yellow in its shades. The other model was the crispest and coolest looking thing imaginable—a dish of pistache ice cream—in net with a coin spot and green taffeta bandings and deep girdle, and the skirt with its double tier falling over an accordion plaited green chiffon foundation. That plaited chiffon foundation (I'm referring to skirts, you understand) I found on so many of the models, not only at Altman's, but elsewhere.

At Bonwit Teller's, for example, there was a white silk net over a white accordion plaited foundation, its edge a pale pink baby ribbon. Two rows of three-inch white satin ribbon trimmed the skirt, while satin pump bows trimmed the waist. And to show the designer's complete independence, the girdle was not of the satin, but of contrasting white moiré. Very smart it was, too! A dancing frock, the skirt of cream lace ruffles on a chiffon foundation, each ruffle headed by a corded yellow ribbon, the baby waist of white chiffon under lace, had, to add to its distinction, a greenery-bluery satin girdle that made its coloring like that of some of the eighteenth century portraiture. It's a pity that the sketch of it can only give you the lines. A pity, too, that the other sketch from Bonwit Teller's cannot reproduce the lovely shade of pale pink in the voile afternoon dress. You can, however, get the effectiveness of the rows of chenille woven in the stuff and the war-time sleeve now being used in many models.

Wanamaker offered, instead of a moonlight frock, what they called a rainbow frock, for dancing. It was quite as lovely and impalpable as a rainbow, too—made of cleverly joined strips of net in faintest blue and pink and lavender and hung over pale pink china silk. Another dress of *chiffon brillant*, a new fabric of satin-like lustre that shows up beautifully at night, had a conventional gold flower woven at wide intervals over its surface and a dear little white point d'esprit tucker. A shirring, padded as the bottoms of Japanese kimonas are, finished the edge of the skirt and the puffed sleeves. I chose the dress in the sketch to picture because it hinted at the tendency of a return to the Princess line, which it is predicted will be in use by fall.

A pity that the sketch from Bonwit Teller's cannot reproduce the lovely shade of pale pink in the voile afternoon dress!

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